TRUE WEST

April, 25¢

TW K

Wounded Knee Massacre!

Eye Witness Account

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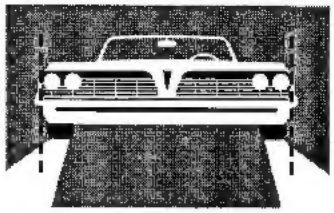

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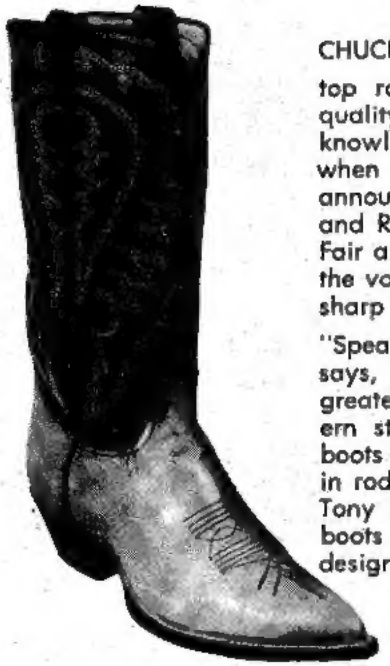

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March-April, 1961
Volume 8, No. 4
Whole No. 44

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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MUSKET MEDICINE AND REMEDIES. by Samuel O. Sisco. Frontier doctors came up ag'in the quarrelsomest people when they tried to set up shop in the semi-civilized areas where doctoring was a matter of toadstool and asafetida cures.

BUCKSKIN FRANK LESLIE. The famous Tombstone gunman lived a Hell-for-leather life—then disappeared from the scene and drifted into oblivion.

THE LONG LONG TRAIL. by Tana Mac. Kid Curry has been called by some a psychopathic killer. What is the truth behind his becoming a member of Butch Cassidy's famous Wild Bunch?

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AFTER THE SOLDIERS LEFT. The party searching for little red-haired Alice Todd found only her bloody handprints traced onto a slab of rock. What had the raiding Comanches done with this pioneer's pretty daughter?

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Truly Western

Call Them What They Are!

Dear Sirs:

I bought TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES off the stand for two years. Now I subscribe as I do not want to miss any copies. You have a fine magazine. But one thing amazes me. How can the people of this country hero-worship such murderers as Billy the Kid (a buck-toothed, moronic sadist) and a back-shooting, trigger-happy g u n m a n like "Wild Bill" Hickok?

I fought through the Ardennes, Rhineland and Central Europe campaigns as a combat infantryman in World War II. I saw decent, law-abiding Americans fight and die like men. I was there to see our men suffer, bleed, freeze and die without a complaint. I saw a nineteen-year-old boy stand up in his foxhole, by himself, and shoot the periscope out of a "Tiger" tank, exposing himself to machine-gun fire, until artillery turned the tank off of us. I know a Texas boy who fired his water-cooled .30 caliber machine-gun without a tripod until the barrel burst and blew holes through the water jacket. He took a town and thirty-six German prisoners by himself. That was all that were left! He killed more men in one battle than Billy the Kid did in his entire lifetime. I saw our men's feet freeze and rot half off and they kept on fighting. How in the devil do these criminal punks stack up against these men? You have men walking the streets today who are real honest-to-God heroes.

I like to read about men like Hickok and Billy the Kid but let's put them where they belong—in the outlaw class. They don't deserve any praise for their deeds.—J. D. Westmoreland, Box 146, Boswell, Oklahoma.

Tom Horn's Hymn

Dear Mr. Small:

I found John Carson's story about Tom Horn in your December issue interesting.

I was putting up hay for Hunter, Casteel and Hunter on the Big Creek Ranch in the Platte River Valley of southern Wyoming. We had come in from the meadows to stable our horses in the late evening when our interest was excited by a team and buggy driven at a gallop down the lane into ranch headquarters. The horses were in a lather from having been driven to the limit of their endurance, and before the men in the buggy could get out, the off-horse dropped in his tracks and died where he fell.

The occupants of the buggy who were making the wild drive were Charlie Irvine, noted for his participation in Frontier Days Celebration, and a deputy sheriff from Laramie. Harry Hunter and Ira Casteel joined us in the group gathered about the men and the dead horse. Irvine made his wants known for a team to continue their drive to attend the expected execution of Tom Horn. Ira Casteel supplied one horse of the team and I, the other. Irvine said that Tom Horn had asked him and his brother, a younger man, to stand beside him and sing his favorite song when he was hanged. We were told that the song was to be *The Holy City*. Perhaps the stress of circumstances changed Charlie's mind. (The hymn sung at the hanging was *The Railroad to Heaven.)*

It seems that these are days when too many assume a sentimental attitude toward criminals and their crimes. Too many are willing to overlook, condone, and forgive. That a man may have served in the frontier forces, been a frontier marshal, and a stock association detective does not write him a ticket to heaven, and there have been a lot of such characters whom the Devil doubtless didn't want.

In the years following Horn's execution, I became acquainted with Charlie Ohnhaus. He was a State Supreme Court reporter. Even in wild Wyoming our courts did not indulge in the service of characters who'd a l t e r stenographic notes. I don't believe Ohnhaus could have been so delinquent.

If Charlie Irvine sang *The Holy City* as Tom Horn stretched a rope, I'm certain that the wonderful song was heard in Heaven. Charlie had that kind of voice and when Charlie attuned himself to his *Wild Irish Rose,* no rendition, not even Colonel Tim McCoy's with the latest of Hollywood's amplification and toning, could be considered in the running.—Fred Holdrege, Route 6, Caldwell, Idaho.

Billy the Kid's . . . Oops!

Dear Joe:

While looking through the latest TRUE WEST I came across the picture of Billy the Kid's funeral. Since I have most of the old original clothes (taken out of an old store with the original tags still intact), I noted that the picture couldn't have been taken in 1881, because:

Brims on hats were almost never rolled until after 1900 (the man identified as Salazar has his hat rolled). The same man has a "V"-bottomed vest, which didn't come into style until 1915 or 1920.

The man identified as Silva is wearing a shirt with a down-pointed collar. Pre-1900 collars were straight.

There was no such thing as a shirt that buttoned down all the way before around 1910 (Otero's brother). Pants pockets were on the front of trousers, not on the sides, and pants were not made with belt loops until 1910. The pants being worn by Otero's brother look like the khakis that came out in 1898.

The man identified as Otero is shown in a coat with a long lapel and low buttoning of a style that came out about 1915-1920. Loose fitting dress pants, such as those he is wearing, were rarely seen until after 1900.—Joe Grandee, 1510 Hillcrest, Arlington, Texas.

Dear Sirs:

There are several mistakes in Lea McCarty's article on the picture of Billy the Kid's burial.

Walter Noble Burns was in the area prior to 1925 when some of the participants of the Lincoln County War were still alive. He says that nearly everyone in Ft. Sumner attended the burial but makes no mention of Miguel Otero or

(Continued on page 38)

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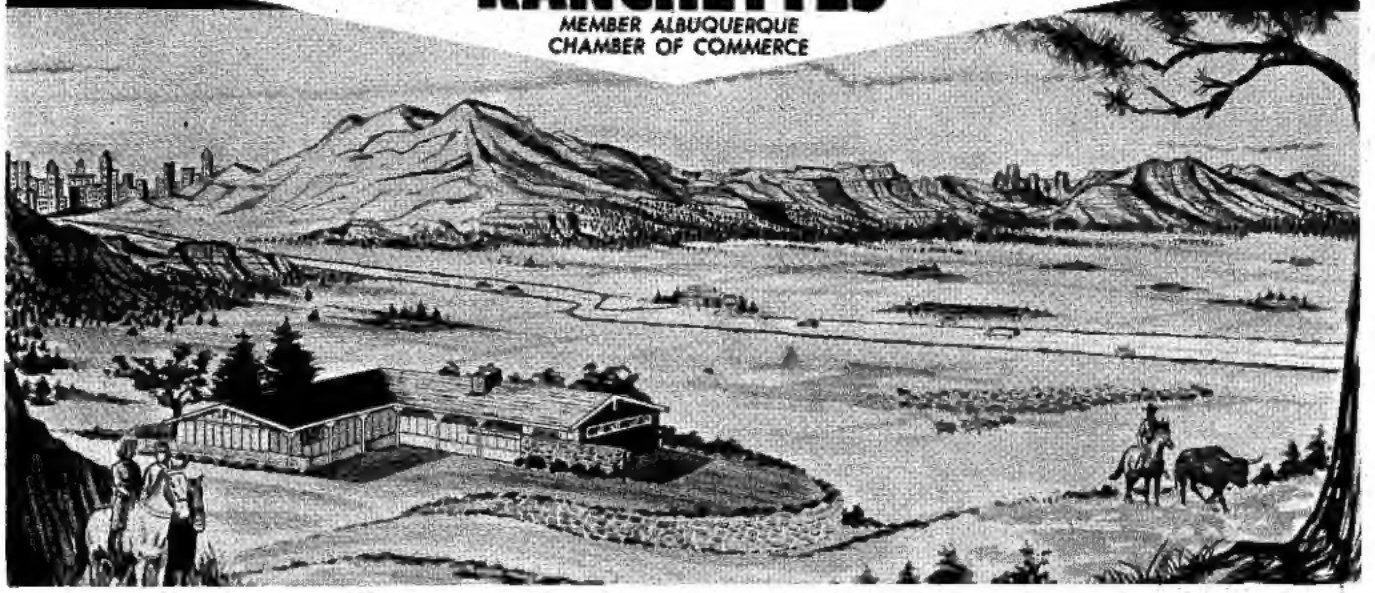

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Astounding? Please consider: In 1940 Albuquerque had less than 36,000 people. By 1950 it had soared to 97,000. And in the last 10 years it has rocketed to more than 260,000!

There are so many reasons for this fantastic rate of growth. Nowhere in America is there land more **beautiful** than the rich valleys that rim Albuquerque. The **climate** is possibly without equal in all of America — a summertime of balmy sunny days* and bracing nights — blanket-sleeping nights; and in the winter equally sunny days* — shirt-sleeve weather. **Health?** This is a region whose mildness and purity of climate have given new life to people from all parts of our land — where, in respiratory ailments alone, thousands of cures have been miraculously achieved by the mild weather, the dry air, the abundant sunshine, the low humidity. In the words of the Encyclopedia Brittanica the Albuquerque region is "**a health resort**"! And what about **sports, entertainment, activities, opportunity?** In the lofty close-by mountains are fishing, swimming, hunting. Skiers wear shorts. Golf is played the year 'round. Albuquerque itself is crammed with magnificent shops, theatres, churches, schools — including the University of New Mexico with 7000 enrolled students, bright new college buildings and modern football stadium. Albuquerque has the 5th busiest airport in the United States. Its industry and employment potential are boundless. Its 3 television channels and 9 radio stations, its opportunities in land ownership, jobs, small business; its sunniness, its freshness and sparkle — all of these mark the personality of a great city.

The wonder is **not** that Albuquerque is growing so rapidly. The wonder is that one can still buy a lovely piece of land close to the city at so low a price as $395 an acre! All you have to do is to take a look at the six cities which in all of America have grown even faster than Albuquerque. **What would you have to pay for an acre of comparable land only 39 miles from their shops and theaters?**

(THESE FIGURES INCLUDE OUTSIDE CENTRAL CITY)

	Population	Rate of Rise 1950-1960	Cost Per Acre of Comparable Land 39 Miles from Downtown
1. San Jose, Calif.	639,615	120.1%	$2,500 — $ 5,000
2. Phoenix, Arizona	652,032	96.5	$3,500 — $ 7,000
3. Tucson, Arizona	262,139	85.6	$1,500 — $ 3,000
4. Miami, Florida	917,851	85.4	$5,000 — $10,000
5. Sacramento, Cal.	500,719	80.7	$2,000
6. San Diego, Cal.	1,003,522	80.2	$4,000 — $ 8,000
7. Albuquerque, N. M.	260,318	78.7	$395 (Valley of The Estancia Ranchettes)

** Last year for example, there were only 8 days that were not sunny.*

These statistics are eye-openers, aren't they? **Yet real estate men are saying that the prices you have just read will soon apply to the Albuquerque region!**

And as lovely and luxuriant an area as Albuquerque can boast is **The Valley of the Estancia Ranchettes.** Rimmed by mountains, lying flush alongside the most important highway in the West, **Route 66**, and only 39 miles from Albuquerque, **The Valley of the Estancia Ranchettes** is the essence of the enchanting Southwest. Please read this carefully! **The Valley of the Estancia Ranchettes** are not barren desert tracts. **They are lush and green!** Water waits to be tapped. The soil is so fertile as to bear fruit trees and truck gardens. Our Route 66 neighbors frame the landscape with their low modern ranchettes, homes, motels. Our next door neighbor is the famed $200,000 Longhorn Museum of the Old West . . . Oh yes, this is a very lovely land.

As our headline says, an acre in our beautiful VALLEY OF THE ESTANCIA RANCHETTES costs $395 **complete!** And the terms are $10 down and $10 a month per acre. That's it — no extras, no hidden additional costs. You may reserve as many acres as you wish. AND YOU TAKE NO RISK IN SENDING YOUR $10 TO RESERVE YOUR ONE ACRE RANCHETTE SITE. Your $10 reserves an acre for you, but you have the unqualified right to change your mind. As soon as we receive your reservation we will send you your Purchase Agreement and Property Owner's Kit. The package will show you exactly where your property is and will include full maps, photographs and complete information about your property. Other maps will show you nearby Arizona — even old Mexico itself, 250 miles away. You may have a full 30 day period to go through this fascinating portfolio, check our references, talk it over with your family. If during that time you *should wish to change your mind (and you don't have to give a reason either)* your reservation deposit will be **instantly refunded.** (ALBUQUERQUE BANK REFERENCES).

Experienced realtors think that the Albuquerque area presents the most exciting acreage buy in America. On the outskirts of the city, land is now going for $5000 to $6000 an acre. One day soon the Valley of the Estancia Ranchettes could be a suburb of Albuquerque. Act now. You'll be forever grateful that you did.

VALLEY OF THE ESTANCIA RANCHETTES
Dept. L-30
2316 CENTRAL S.E., ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO

Gentlemen: I wish to reserve _____ acres in the VALLEY OF THE ESTANCIA RANCHETTES. I enclose a deposit of $_____. (Please send deposit of $10 for each $395 acre you reserve.) Please rush complete details, including my Purchaser's Agreement, Property Owner's Kit, maps, photographs, and all data. It is strictly understood that I may change my mind within 30 days for any reason and that my deposit will be fully and instantly refunded if I do.

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Some of the soldiers who fought at Wounded Knee. No identification of the men is available.

By HUGH McGINNIS as told to O. M. GLASGOW

Photos from the Smithsonian Institution

I was there!

the wounded knee massacre

Hugh McGinnis was a young man of twenty when he witnessed the massacre on Wounded Knee Creek. Here he tells of the last armed clash between U. S. soldiers and Indians on the North American continent.

Editor's Note: Much has been written about the last armed clash American soldiers had with Indians, which took place at Wounded Knee Creek in South Dakota on December 30, 1890. The government listed it as a battle, the Sioux who were involved called it a massacre. TRUE WEST presents here a full account of that regrettable affair as told by a man who participated in it and is alive today—89-year-old Hugh McGinnis, a member of the Seventh Cavalry's K Troop which took part.

AT EIGHTY-NINE I still batch alone in a cottage beside the road on the outskirts of Crandon, Wisconsin. Here I can tend my roses or merely sit in the sun and watch the world roll by. I am content with the simple pattern of my days, but since I am naturally retiring by nature I imagine the local folk think I lead a pretty dull existence. But I had enough excitement as a youth to last me a lifetime. As a green recruit of twenty I took part in the Messiah War of 1890, the last bloody struggle with the Sioux, and was wounded twice in the Battle of Wounded Knee Creek.

I was a member of the famous Seventh Cavalry's K troop which took the brunt of the battle on that bleak Dakota plain. And the fighting, despite its brief duration, was as desperate as hand-to-hand combat can get. Our troop was simply cut to pieces by the brightly painted Sioux. The savages made their break for freedom through our ranks wielding war clubs, knives and hatchets and I doubt that a single member of our troop escaped their fury unscathed.

The Seventh Cavalry lost twenty-nine men that day and as many more were seriously wounded. My captain was among the casualties and my buddy, Jim Christianson, our trumpeter, was shot through the chest. I received my souvenirs in an arm and leg. And, although seventy years have passed since that inglorious blood bath, the wound in my thigh throbs sufficiently during bad weather to keep the memory of that fracas etched indelibly on my brain.

Born in Castlewallen, Ireland, I had sailed to seek my fortune in the new world when I was but seventeen and although I had been in this country three years prior to my enlistment, I was hardly familiar with the Indian situation. I've had ample time since, however, to study the circumstances leading up to this blot on American history.

I discovered that reams have been written about the Custer massacre while the Wounded Knee affair has been largely overlooked, possibly because it is comparable in reverse due to the indiscriminate slaughter of Indians. For the bodies of 200 Sioux littered that gory battlefield when the smoke of battle drifted

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away. This included defenseless women and children that our troops pursued to cut down in cold blood as far as two miles from the original scene of encounter.

This massacre marked an end to a violent era, for the Messiah War was the last bloody struggle between red and white men on this continent. Sitting Bull, one of the principals behind the scenes of the Custer Massacre, was also one of the chief agitators behind the circumstances leading up to this holocaust, but he had plenty of provocation.

WHILE SITTING BULL was considered a thorn in the side of white officials, he was a champion of his people and bitterly resented their subjugation on reservations. The Sioux, one of the largest and most prosperous of Plains tribes, had led a proud and wild existence prior to the white man's invasion. Roaming the vast ranges of their birthright at will, they lived off the wild game so bountiful in the Dakotas at that time. In fact, the Indians could depend on the buffalo alone to supply them with the necessities of life.

But their days of glory began to wane as soon as the palefaces appeared on the scene. According to a treaty of 1868, all of South Dakota was to remain in the possession of the Tetons for their exclusive use "for as long as the sun shall shine and the grass grow." The Indians took this to mean forever.

But it wasn't long before the sun began to set as far as the Indians were concerned. Despite the agreement, the government officials decided to open up the Northwest Territory by putting a railroad through Indian lands. Aware that forts and settlements would logically follow this invasion, the Indians protested the violation of the treaty. The survey began regardless and the Seventh Cavalry under Custer was employed to override any objections. After minor skirmishes the Indians bowed to the inevitable and gave up a sixty-five-mile wide strip of land through their territory in return for promises of beef to be delivered by August first each year. The Sioux received only a little beef and were lucky if it arrived before December.

It wasn't long before the government decided to flout another facet of the treaty. The Seventh Cavalry was sent into the Black Hills to see if gold in paying quantities could be found there. Nosing around inside sacred Sioux territory, Custer discovered that the Hills weren't as worthless as had been formerly assumed.

After his report that gold had been found there, immigrants and desperadoes began passing through Sioux territory, taking a huge toll of the game. Professional hunters slaughtered buffalo merely for their hides; their carcasses littered the plains. Vultures devoured countless bison that the Indians had depended upon for food. This was encouraged because it was believed that the only way to keep the Indians under control was to destroy their means of livelihood.

The strategy was successful, for by 1875 the numbers of buffalo had been reduced on the Dakota plains. Rations were so meager on the reservation that the Sioux requested permission to hunt buffalo in Wyoming. Unfortunately about this time the army notified the Indian Agents to order all the Indians back inside the reservations, declaring that anyone beyond the boundaries by the date given would be considered hostile.

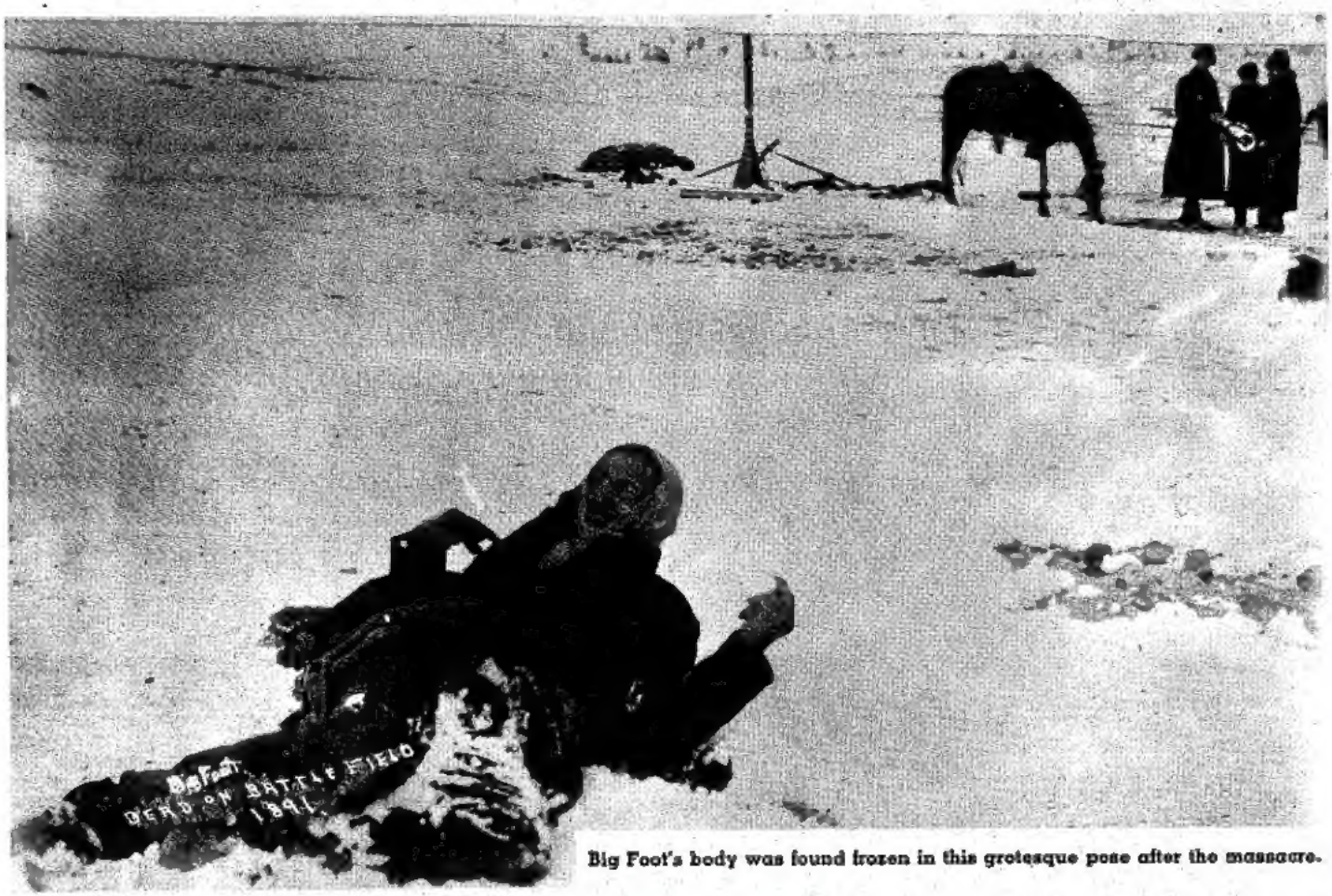
It was physically impossible for Sitting Bull's band to comply with this demand within the time limit. When the message arrived on December 22 at the Standing Rock Agency, Sitting Bull was camped 200 miles from the home base. Due to the severity of the weather, it would have been foolish to attempt leading his tribe through the blizzard-swept wasteland within the time allowed. As it was, even the runners, unhampered by women and children, failed to return to the Agency within the deadline.

Thus the die was set. The Indians were deemed hostile and President Grant ordered the army to end the Indian threat once and for all. The Indians marshalled their forces to withstand the onslaught and Custer, rushing on ahead of General Terry, was annihilated. After this coup Sitting Bull fled with some of his followers to seek refuge in Canada, but they were eventually forced by hard times to return to share their tribe's disconsolate existence on the reservation.

THE OLD MODE of living was a thing of the past. Following the Battle of the Little Big Horn, the Sioux were forced to relinquish a third of their reservation, including the sacred Black Hills. Their freedom to roam the vast ranges at will was now only a memory and the problem of obtaining sufficient nourishment was an ever-pressing problem.

By 1884 the buffalo was virtually extinct and the nomadic-minded Sioux were expected to supplement their meager rations by becoming farmers. But they were not cut out to be farmers.

In 1886 disease made serious inroads



Big Foot's body was found frozen in this grotesque pose after the massacre.

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on their herds and with the remains of the buffalo bleaching in the sun, the Indians were in desperate straits. Crops failed again the following year and even the whites in the blighted area had to call for aid. Many settlers left but the Indians, unable to migrate, were forced to live in semi-starvation. Then epidemics of measles, whooping cough and influenza swept through the Teton camps, taking a terrible toll. However, a doctor who visited the Sioux camps reported that the Indians were dying more for want of food than from disease.

Despite fine promises, Congress reduced the allotment of beef. The reduction amounted to 10,000 pounds for the Pine Ridge Agency alone with twice this amount cut from the allotment of another agency. Thus another crop failure combined with the Government's breach of faith left the hapless Sioux face to face with starvation.

It is little wonder the superstitious Indians grasped at the first ray of hope, which came in the form of the ghost-dance religion. This new doctrine was originated by a Paiute in Nevada named Woveka. During a total solar eclipse Woveka reportedly fell into a trance and was informed by the Great Spirit that he had been chosen to lead his people out of bondage.

According to the new Messiah the end of the Indians' dilemma was in sight. God would appear in the spring of 1891 to destroy the whites and restore the Indians as rightful heirs to a regenerated earth. Woveka instructed his followers to dance in anticipation of their deliverance. Many of the participants of the dance became so overwrought and excited during the gyrations that they fell to the ground in a cataleptic state and upon regaining consciousness reported visitations with friends and relatives who had long since passed on to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

Sitting Bull naturally sent runners to investigate the new Messiah. The reports were so glowing that he invited Kicking Bear to organize a ghost dance at his Grand River camp in October. Seven tribes, totaling 3,000 Indians, painted their faces and donned their sacred ghost shirts. The mass demonstrations continued for two solid weeks.

Woveka had stressed docility and peace until the day of their deliverance, but certain whites feared that Sitting Bull might utilize the frenzy of his people to promote a general revolt. So the old Chief was ordered to bring the dances to a halt. Sitting Bull refused to tolerate any interference with his religion, however, and the dancing continued.

The concentration of Indians and their weird dances began alarming the settlers. Finally, frightened and apprehensive, an inexperienced agent declared the situation out of hand and called on the War Department for help.

GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, commander of the Military Department of the Missouri, was put in charge of the campaign to protect settlers and prevent a serious outbreak among the Sioux nation. He moved battalions of troops out into the Black Hills until there were around 3,000 soldiers stationed at strategic points throughout the threatened area.

I had enlisted in the service in September of 1890 prior to the rumors of Indian trouble and spent my training period in Jefferson Barracks near St. Louis, Missouri. A private's pay was thirteen dollars a month, with four dollars withheld for some reason I fail to recall. Our dress uniform was pretty fancy—in fact we called it "monkey dress." It included a large yellow plume on our helmets, knee-length boots, and yellow cord decorating our blue, high-collared uniforms as well as our caped overcoats. Our winter issue included buffalo hide coats as well as fur caps and gloves.

Early in November a number of us were sent to Fort Robinson. About two weeks later we moved out with reinforcements to join General John R. Brooks at the front. We arrived at the Pine Ridge Agency on November 9 and a few days later eight troops of the Seventh Cavalry rode in under Colonel James W. Forsyth from Fort Riley, Kansas.

I was placed in the First Battalion of the Seventh Cavalry, along with my buddy, Jim Christianson. We had a fine group of officers. Captain Wallace was a serious but just man and I liked Lieutenant Squire particularly; in fact, a big cake his wife sent to our troop was the highlight of our Christmas celebration.

Before our arrival, the Indian tents had stretched for two miles around the Agency. But the appearance of troops had panicked these Sioux and they fled to the Badlands, approximately fifty miles northwest of the Agency. Eventually around 3,000 Indians had gathered in that natural fortress to continue their ghost dancing.

Since Sitting Bull was considered the chief agitator, it was hoped that his apprehension would dissolve the difficulties. Buffalo Bill Cody volunteered to try and persuade his old friend to give himself up peaceably. General Miles gave an order for the old shaman's arrest and Cody set out, loaded down with trinkets and candy.

I never saw Sitting Bull but I can well remember my visit with the old mustached scout, and I often wonder, if all the subsequent bloodshed might have been avoided if Cody had been allowed to complete his mission. But McLaughlin, the Standing Rock Agent, as well as the military on the scene, were displeased with this turn of events. They had their own ideas on the subject, so they plied the old scout with grog to delay him until they could get his order rescinded.

As it turned out their attempt to capture Sitting Bull on December 15 ended in a pitched battle. The Old Chief went down with a yell of defiance, irreconcilable to the end. Fugitives of this battle fled to Hump's Camp on the fork of Cherry Creek and when Big Foot heard their report he and his band began to flee en masse to join their comrades in the Badlands.

Meanwhile the Indians from the Rosebud and Pine Ridge Agencies had been surrounded in the Badlands by a cordon of troops. With such a strong force easing them toward the Agency, a parley was finally arranged. Upon repeated assurance of better treatment in the future, the hungry ghost dancers capitulated and on December 27 the Sioux, numbering around 3,000, were escorted back to the Pine Ridge Agency.

That same day word was received that Big Foot's band had eluded Colonel Sumner's troops, so three troops of our battalions K, A, and B were ordered out into the field to intercept them. Under the leadership of Major S. M. Whiteside, we were to bivouac that night at Wounded Knee Creek, about eighteen miles from the Agency. The mounted troopers dashed on ahead, capturing some Sioux stragglers enroute while I and around fifteen other soldiers were detailed to march on foot and guard the supply train.

As I recall, there were seven wagons with four mules attached to each, but we all had to work like mules before our journey's end. Due to a thaw, the hollows were spongy and the wagons became mired in the mud. While we pried with poles, the mule skinners lashed the animals, turning the air blue with their language.

Despite the rough going we finally reached the campfires of our comrades and pitched our tents on one of the old wagon roads at the crossing. After a hot meal, we turned into our buffalo robes with orders to keep our rifles within easy reach.

Camping out there in the middle of the plains was a bit different from being garrisoned at the Agency. Our force was less than half the size of the band we were after and I'm afraid I let my imagination work a little overtime every time our horses neighed on the picket line. But the sentries continued their steady marching to and fro and I finally succumbed to exhaustion.

In the morning, despite the snowstorm, scouts were dispatched to try and locate Big Foot's band. They returned after sighting the Sioux near Porcupine Creek about nine miles away. Major Whiteside galloped off with his seasoned troops, leaving me behind again. Several of us had been detailed to guard the prisoners captured the previous day, so we waited in camp, outwardly calm. Underneath, I was excited and a bit uneasy as I waited to hear the sound of gunfire in the distance. According to all the bloodcurdling tales I'd heard since joining this outfit, I had every reason to feel apprehensive. For the Custer massacre was still fresh in the minds of the veterans who rehashed the tragedy at the drop of a hat, and I had no assurance that our men weren't riding into a similar trap devised by the Sioux. In fact, it was later claimed that the urge for revenge in the hearts of troopers who had formerly served under Custer triggered the action at Wounded Knee Creek. But this comes later.

As it turned out this particular day they didn't have any difficulty. Puzzled over their failure to find a host of ghost dancers to welcome them into the vastness of the Badlands the Indians had stopped to ponder their next move. Major Whiteside settled the debate for them by demanding an unconditional surrender. Surrounded on all sides, the surprised Sioux complied and came straggling into camp late that afternoon.

The Sioux had several wagons, including their chief's and a number of shaggy ponies pulling travois followed by squalid squaws and bedraggled youngsters all suffering from hunger and cold.

Word of their capture was sent to the Agency. General Brooks had no intention of letting the wily Sioux slip through his fingers; profiting from Colonel Sumner's experience with this band, he dispatched four additional troops of the Seventh Cavalry under Colonel James Forsyth, as well as a company of Indian scouts, which swelled our ranks to 470 men.

As senior officer, Colonel Forsyth took command of the situation. Upon learning that Big Foot was suffering from pneumonia, he had a Sibley stove set up in the chief's tent and sent the company physician, Dr. D. J. Glennan, to attend the ailing Indian.

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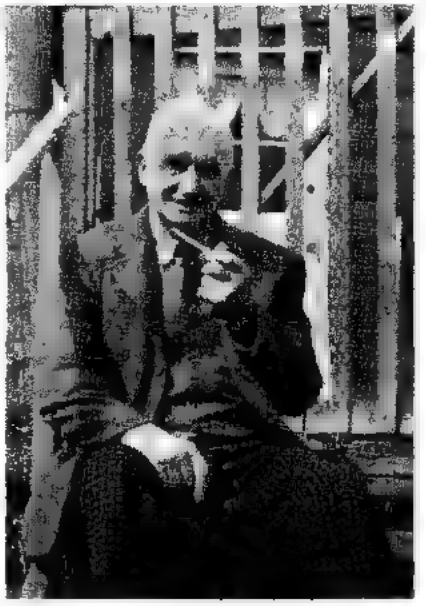

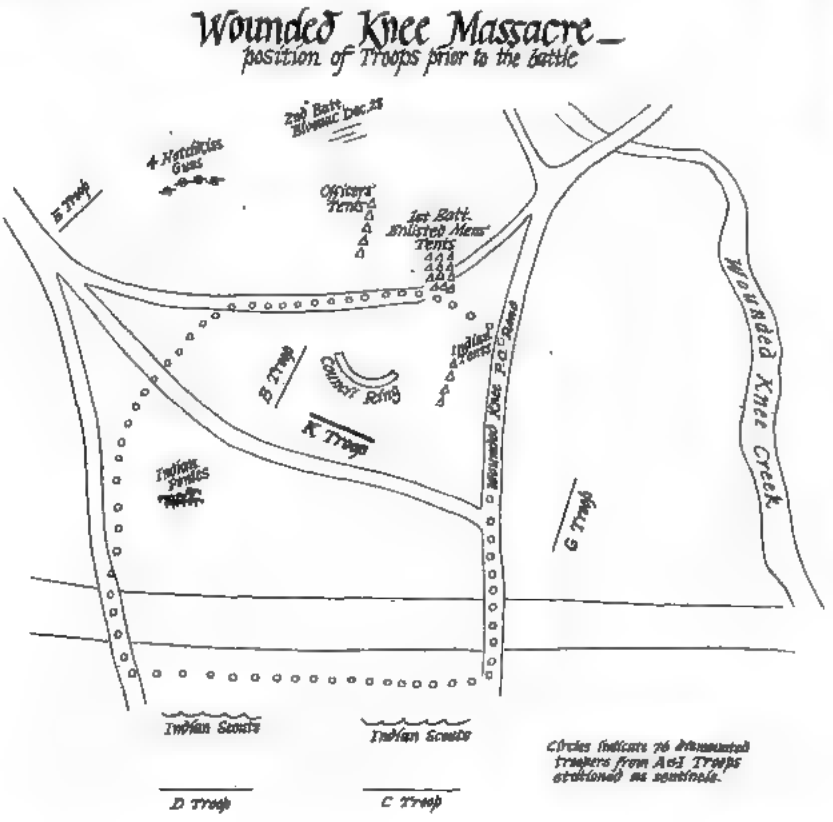

Top, the Pine River Agency camp before the massacre. Left, the way things lined up immediately prior to the fight. Above, Hugh McGinnis as he appears today.

Sketch by Ben Smith

I wandered over near the Sioux camp that evening out of curiosity and watched the Indians wolf down the food dispensed by our cooks. Although their faces were still painted from their last ghost dance, their visages appeared more miserable than fierce. Still I was glad I didn't have to stand guard that night.

"A" troop, under Captain Myles Moylan, drew this detail. And since Moylan had served under Custer in the past, I don't doubt that his mind was filled with memories dating back fourteen years to the Battle of the Little Big Horn. Although Big Foot's band had slipped away after being rounded up by Colonel Sumner, they didn't try this trick again and the night passed without incident. Both camps were astir at dawn.

I helped carry buckets of water from the creek so the cook could make coffee while Colonel Forsyth and the other officers were making preparations to disarm the Indians. Colonel Forsyth decided to take every precautionary measure possible to discourage any resistance or escape on the part of the Sioux. But, as things turned out, his strategy proved deadly as far as his own troops were concerned.

The Indians had camped on the open plain in front of a dry ravine, a white flag of truce placed between their chief's tent and his wagon. Forsyth had seventy-six dismounted men from A and I troop encircle the entire encampment as sentinels, and he had the company of Indian scouts line up on the south bank of the ravine, backed up by D and C troops. The camp was flanked on the east by G troop, on the northwest by E troop, and a battery of Hotchkiss guns were stationed on a mound overlooking the entire scene.

My troop, along with B troop, was dismounted and placed on guard near Big Foot's tent. We stood at attention while Colonel Forsyth ordered the Sioux from their tents. Clutching blankets to protect themselves from the cruel wind, the braves came forward and squatted on the ground in a semi-circle with their backs to us. Women and children were

(Continued on page 52)

WE WATCHED THEM DIE!

A fellow cussed all day and dreamed up new swear words at night — yet the m.p.h. never changed on the bullwhacker's road to glory

By FRANK THOMSON

Illustrated by Dave Kinney

Editor's Note: This personal-experience story, told by an old-time bullwhacker, the late Bill Gay, is printed here with only minor editing in order to retain its old-time flavor and to preserve some of the writer's personality. It reveals vividly what life really was like back in those far times.

I was fourteen and being of a roving disposition decided to cross the Plains. The Byron Brothers, bankers and Overland freight contractors of Atchison, Kansas, were advertising for bullwhackers. Their train of twenty-six Murphy wagons (prairie schooners) was ready to start for Laramie, 750 miles distant. I hired to them for $48 a month. I was large for my age, ambitious and anxious to do a man's work.

When the day of departure arrived, 312 work oxen were driven into a corral, among them a number of unbroken steers, wild and unmanageable. At a signal from the boss all the teamsters started yoking, each man choosing his team for the trip, six yoke being allowed each wagon which carried from 6,500 to 7,000 pounds of freight.

Hands were scarce on account of the Civil War, so they were often obliged to hire young boys like myself. There were two other boys beside me who could not handle the unbroke and unruly steers. I was run over, trampled on and kicked by every infernal steer in the corral before I yoked up my team. I got all the deadbeats, the worst, the toughest, the orneriest infernal scallawags in the outfit.

Mart Bowler, the wagon boss, and his brother, who was his assistant, were cross, cantankerous, surly, selfish and overbearing men. We received little assistance and absolutely no sympathy from them. However, my team was somewhat improved by swapping a few of the worst animals for others that would pull. We made five miles the first day.

One of the first things I learn was how to swear. We cursed the critters all day and dreamed up new swear words at night, only the m.p.h. (miles per hour) remained the same. A steer will go just so fast no matter what you call him or how much you whip him.

The next morning there was some trouble between the teamsters over what cattle they had worked the day before. Some couldn't remember which ones because a lot of the critters looked alike. I managed during the wrangle to get me a fairly good team.

It was customary for a night herder to be furnished to all the trains but in

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this case we were obliged to take turns at both day and night herding, which made our task much harder. In fact this trip was the toughest time of my life. We traveled about fifteen miles a day on good days, slower on bad days.

The old-time bullwhackers called the trail to Laramie the "Road to Glory" but it was more like the road to hell.

We would hook up at early dawn and drive until about nine a.m., lay over until about four, then hook up and travel until eight or nine p.m., crossing enroute the Little and Big Sandy, the Little and Big Blue Rivers besides numerous smaller streams. The country through there then was very sparsely settled and shortly afterward was the scene of many dark and bloody deeds. Many women and children were massacred by Indians and some carried off into captivity. I had often heard wild stories of adventures on the Plains and of the many strange sights to be seen on the road. The antelope and deer and great big sandy toad, the buffalo and elk and the rabbit that jumps so high. And the bloody Indians that would scalp you on the fly.

At length we struck the ridged Platte about the fifth of June, the bottom miry, low and flat. The ague found us and so on. This was the beginning of my eventful life in the coming years of hardships, privations and dangers.

(Continued on page 56)

Some prospectors don't have beards. The one above is 5'7", 118, and 34-20-34.

Secrets of Panning Gold

By JIMMY WALKER

Photos from the author

The pan is as important to the modern amateur in search of gold as to the forty-niners. The difference is that today's prospector must look harder and use methods unknown to the old-timers.

Editor's Note: Some of the pictures on these pages might nudge the reader into thinking we've strayed away from burro tracks and hardrock miners and are trying to pull a hunk of glamorized wool over your eyes. This ain't true—but a lot of you folks prospect and are interested in prospecting, so we dug this little "how-to-do-it" up to present you with as much information on gold panning as we could. After all, prospecting hasn't changed much in the past hundred years—even though the looks of some of the prospectors have!

ALTHOUGH THE old time sourdough prospector is getting pretty scarce these days, his most important piece of equipment, the gold pan, is staging a comeback. Amateurs are getting into the hills on weekends and during vacations. Rockhounds are on the increase and don't a bit mind mixing a little gold panning with their hobby of collecting gem stones. Each year sees more campers, usually in family groups, invading the gold fields.

Fortunately, the scenery in many gold bearing areas is so spectacular that a camper can consider his trip a success even though his take from the pan is modest. He's not expecting to hit a bonanza and, besides, the investment in the pan isn't wasted. It makes a fine vessel for dish washing.

The process of gold panning is simple. And there's still money to be made, although a big strike is unlikely. The average gold panner, to be truthful, makes something less than expenses. But even the rankest novice, if he follows instructions, should have no difficulty in producing a show of color.

What color? There's only one. Gold!

Like every other hobby, success in gold panning depends on understanding the fundamentals.

Where do you find gold? How do you pan? What's a positive method of identification? How do you separate flour gold from other concentrates? Where do you sell gold?

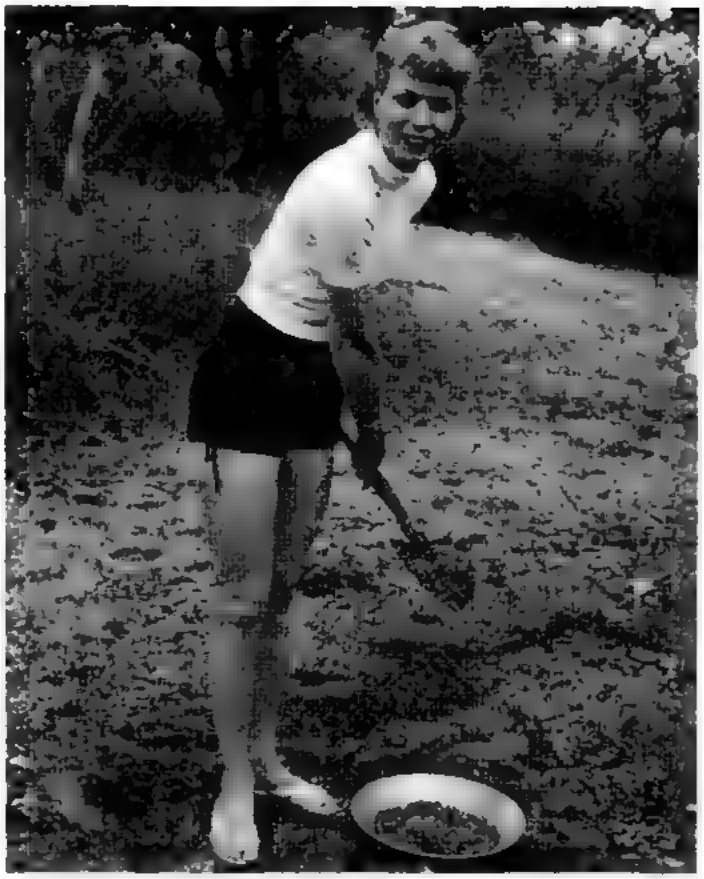
These are typical greenhorn questions. The answers follow—all you need to know to enjoy a fascinating pastime.

THE CLASSIC picture of a grizzled prospector, his burro, and his gold pan are associated in American folklore with the California gold rush of 1849, but it's a mistake to think that gold panning started no later than a century ago. The practice of washing gold from stream gravel has been around a long time. To give you an idea, gold washing is depicted on Egyptian monuments of the Fourth Dynasty (2900 B.C.).

When an amateur sets out in search of gold, the first thing that interests him is a sure way to identify his findings. He doesn't want to spend his time accumulating a poke full of "fool's gold." Neither does he relish tossing aside the real thing by mistake.

Old timers will say, "You won't need no books, Sonny. When you see it, you'll know it."

There's a lot of truth in that. Even the staid *Encyclopaedia Britannica* admits that the metal has a "resplendent lustre." But a few hints on how to test for gold will be helpful until



Upper left, nuggets make interesting additions to mineral collections, or they can be sold. They're worth their weight in gold. Lower left, nuggets may be revealed in the pan before washing is completed. Pick them out as they appear, using fingers or tweezers, and place them in a vial for safekeeping. Above, learn the choicest spots to look for gold and prospect for rich pockets. A little work never hurt anyone!

it can be recognized on sight.

If all gold were pure (24 carat), identification would be easier for the precise color, specific gravity, and hardness is known. But most placer gold is alloyed with silver or copper and this changes its physical properties.

Pure gold is brass yellow or "gold colored." If it's alloyed with silver, the color will be lightened in proportion to the silver content. If there is a large percentage of silver, it may appear silver-white with only a tint of yellow color.

Besides providing a method of separation from the lighter materials, the weight of gold is also a good means of identification. The specific gravity is 19.3. This doesn't mean you have to hire a technician to compute the specific gravity of your samples. Gold is six times heavier than rock. This difference is so great that even tiny nuggets are noticeably heavy.

The softness of gold is another key to its identification. Pure gold has a rating on Moh's scale of 2.5, about the same as your fingernail. Natural alloys will harden it, but a knife blade will scratch it easily.

There's really no problem in distinguishing between gold and "fool's gold." The only similarity is the color. Fool's gold is iron pyrites, a mixture of iron and sulphur. It cannot be scratched with a knife. It has a specific gravity of 5, somewhat heavier than ordinary sand, but much lighter than gold. It commonly occurs in crystal form which gold does only rarely.

If any doubt remains as to whether the particles are gold or iron pyrites, try pounding a piece with a hammer. Gold, the most malleable of all metals, will flatten without shattering. Pyrites will crumble and powder under the same treatment.

Seasoned prospectors have learned, however, not to have contempt for pyrites. Gold is often found in association with them and may even occur within the pyrites themselves, giving fool's gold a real value.

To determine the presence of gold in pyrites or in ore that contains no visible gold, a chemical test is required. Here is a simple test that can be performed in the field.

You'll need small quantities of three chemicals: nitric acid, hydrochloric acid, and metallic tin. Equipment needed is a piece of glass, filter paper, test tubes, test tube holder, eye dropper, and alcohol lamp.

Prepare, no longer than eight hours previous to the test, a stannous chloride solution by adding one or two small pieces of metallic tin to 2cc of hydrochloric acid. Boil slightly.

From the material you suspect contains gold, select an amount equal to a pea and place in a clean test tube. Add 1cc of nitric acid and 3cc of hydrochloric acid. Boil over the lamp flame for five minutes or longer. The gold, if present, will now be in solution.

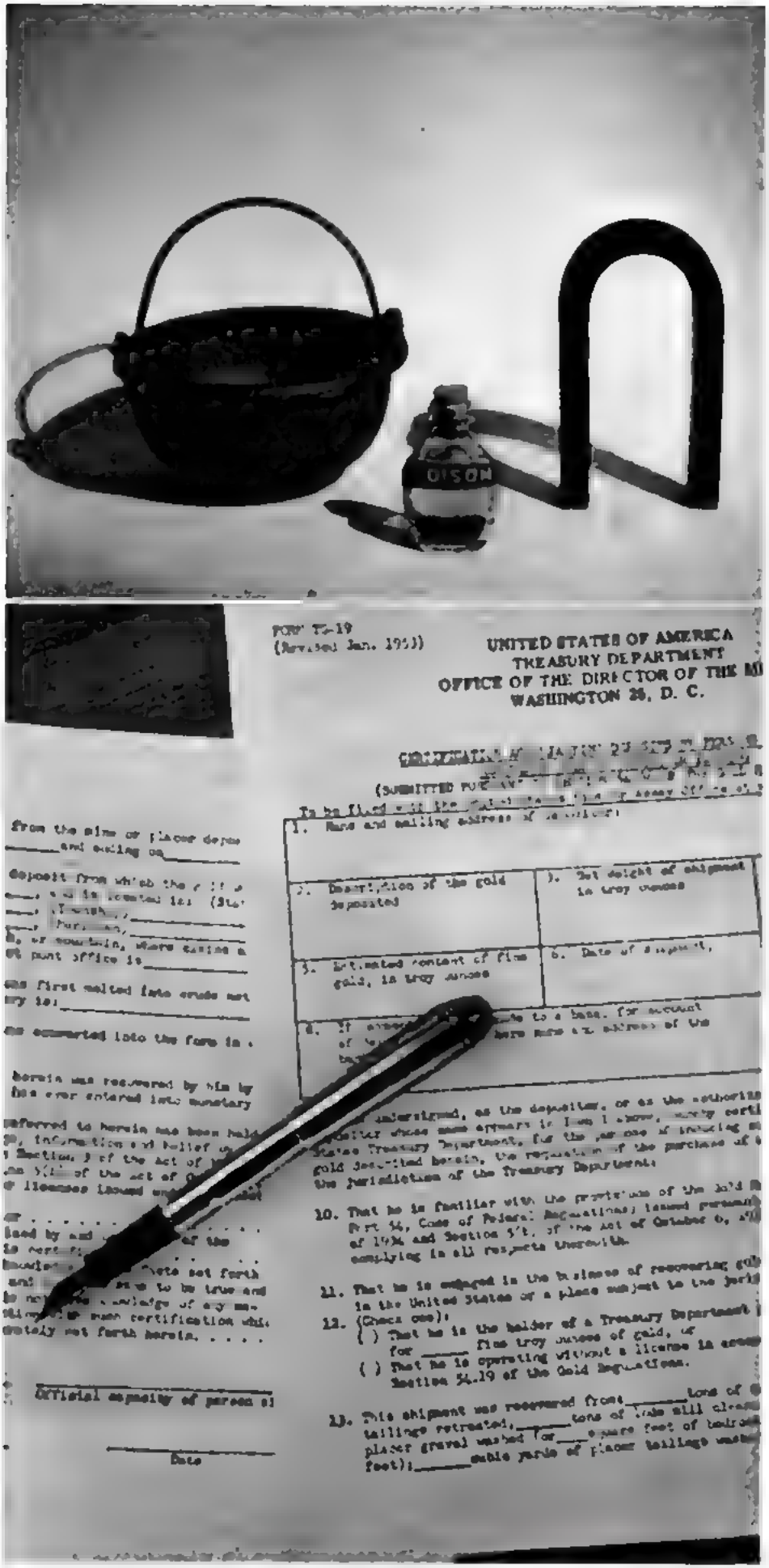
Place a piece of filter paper on a clean piece of glass. Put one drop of the test solution on the filter paper and add one drop of stannous chloride solution.

If gold is present, there will be a purple or rose-colored spot when the paper is dry. The more gold present, the darker the color will appear. To test low grade ores, let the paper dry and add another drop of stannous chloride solution. Color will show plainer.

THE OLD SAYING, "Gold is where you find it," is not as true as another one, much more respected among prospectors, "Look for gold where gold has been found."

The gold-bearing land in this country includes most of the far western states, Alaska, and a few southeastern states. The exact spots of gold mining activity can be located on maps published by several companies. Detailed information is usually available from the Bureau of Mining or the Department of Natural Resources of the individual states.

By hunting in a place where gold has been found, your chances are much better than wildcatting blindly. But remember that you are following a parade of professional prospectors and miners, not to mention hordes of eager amateurs like yourself. If you are to find gold, you'll have to know how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FORM TG-19
(Revised Jan. 1951)
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
TREASURY DEPARTMENT
OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR OF THE MI
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.
1. Name and mailing address of depositor
2. Description of the gold deposited
3. Gross weight of shipment in troy ounces
4. Estimated content of fine gold, in troy ounces
5. Date of shipment
6. If
10. That he is familiar with the provisions of the Gold R
11. That he is engaged in the business of recovering gol
12. (Check one):
( ) That he is the holder of a Treasury Department
( ) That he is operating without a license in accor
13. This shipment was recovered from _____ tons of
Official capacity of person si
Date

Top left, the trick of separating powdery gold from other concentrates is easily solved with an iron pot, magnet, and a small quantity of mercury. The magnet will remove most of the black sand. The mercury is mixed into the concentrates, and amalgamates with the gold, which can then be removed by heat. Lower left, if you have panned an ounce or more of gold, it can be marketed most profitably at a United States Mint. Form TG-18 must be filled in and mailed to them.

to look for it.

Get as far from the main roads as possible. The less accessible a spot is, the less likely it has been worked over.

Stream placers are deposits of gravel and sand laced with a concentration of gold transported by water to its present location. Some placers are still being enriched by continual deposits of more gold. But don't forget that the same process has been going on for tens of thousands of years. Thus, ancient stream beds, rich with gold, might be easily overlooked if they bear no relation to existing water courses.

Casual prospecting can be rewarding even in a heavily worked stream if you don't make the common mistake of thinking that the gold is distributed evenly over the stream bed. Concentrations of gold are located in spots. If you can find these spots, your take will be much greater than if you panned indiscriminately.

The whole key to prospecting is to think of gold as a mineral with a higher specific gravity than anything else in the stream. Swift water will carry gold. Slowly flowing water will allow it to sink to the bottom. Investigate spots where the rate of flow decreases. This is where the river is most likely to dump its load.

Look in eddies, beneath waterfalls, wherever the water makes a pause or change of direction. Investigate the inside curve of sharp bends.

Coarser and richer gold sinks first while the finer material is carried farther downstream. If your pan yields a showing of powdery or fine gold, try upstream for heavier pieces.

Once settled in a stream bed, gold will sift down through the sand and gravel. It will keep sifting down, because of its weight, until it eventually reaches bedrock. The values at bedrock are many times those on the surface and make it well worth the effort of shoveling away the overburden if there are encouraging colors.

Pay particular attention to crevices and other irregularities in bedrock. These trap gold like the riffles of a sluice box and sometimes are incredibly rich.

Iron pyrites and black sand are good indications of gold. When these are spotted, it's always a smart idea to prospect. The black sand is heavier than the surrounding sand and settles in about the same manner that gold does. If black sand is present, you can be assured that conditions are favorable for the deposition of gold.

Since this principle is well known, it's certain that the most obvious black sand deposits have been panned out. The secret of success in areas that have been worked over for years is to use a new g i m m i c k—something the old-timers didn't have.

The answer is the modern metal detector. In the past few years, technical advances have been made in this field resulting in instruments ideally suited to

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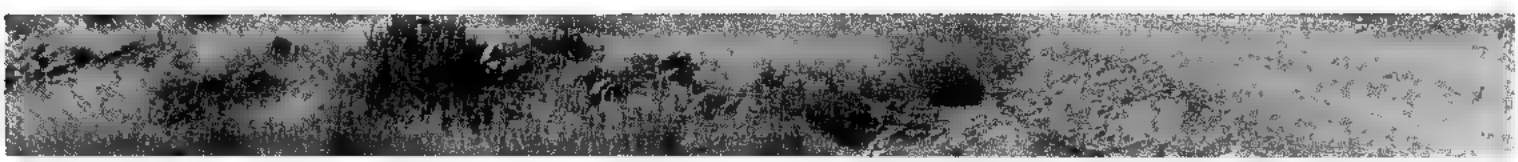

Don Ashbaugh Collection

Virginia City, Nevada, showing Mt. Davidson in the background.

THE COMSTOCK LODE, one of the greatest silver deposits on earth, was named after Henry Page Comstock, who had no more to do with discovering it than you or I did! How his name came to be associated with it is one of the most outrageous stories of the old West. The way he bluffed the real discoverers of the first rich mine on the lode into giving him an interest equal to their own, and promptly assumed such importance as to identify the whole lode with his name, still puzzles historians.

The actual discoverers of the lode were Peter O'Riley and Patrick McLaughlin. The pair had been working a claim for some time, using a nearby spring in which to wash their gravel, the water from which was carried by a ditch to their rocker.

One afternoon when he was out looking for a stray horse, Comstock noticed gold flakes in the bottom of the rocker. He decided to cut himself in and approached O'Riley and McLaughlin, saying, "I do believe you have struck it rich, boys! The only trouble is, my friends, you've struck it on my land. I don't know if you know it or not but I bought this spring from old man Calwell. I took up another claim, too, 160 acres for a ranch. The spring's on it and you don't know how it tickles my bones to find we've got a mine on it."

The Irishmen protested, as well they might. A land claim did not include any minerals that might be found on it, but if Comstock had filed such a claim, there could be complications.

An investigation revealed that no land claim had been filed. However, Comstock had bought the water rights to the spring, according to the man who had used it for a time. Since the land had never been filed upon, there would be some legal question about the water rights. It appeared that no one really owned them.

It was all too complicated for the Irishmen.

"Let's give him a half interest and forget it," O'Riley said.

"What's the difference?" McLaughlin replied. "There's more where it came from."

It was a colossal understatement. There was more silver under that particular spot than has ever been found anywhere else on earth. O'Riley named it the Ophir.

But no one knew the true value of Comstock's "gold mine" until Augustus Harrison, employed by the mining firm of Stone and Gates at Glendale, on the Truckee River, visited the diggings. Harrison inspected some of the blue rock that was clogging up the rocker and sent it to Melville Atwood, a Grass Valley, California, assayer who found that the stuff contained better than $3,000 worth of silver to the ton.

Comstock's tall figure and air of sanctimonious dignity impressed the newcomers flocking into Virginia City, Nevada, and brought him undeserved fame almost overnight. He was generally accepted as a man of large affairs.

Called "Old Pancake" by his associates because he always had pancakes for breakfast, he gained popularity at the scene of the discovery by filling pans with gravel and handing them to women visitors to wash out. Each pan produced from $150 to $200 in silver, and some gold.

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Credit for discovery of the Comstock Lode went to the wrong man, yet to this very day history acknowledges him as finding the richest hill on earth.

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TRUE WEST Exclusive! Here, appearing for the first time in print are the memoirs of Roswell attorney James Madison Hervey, a friend of Pat Garrett's. Hervey refused to allow his views about the killing of Garrett to be released until eight years after his death. Read his candid opinion of the slaying of the famous New Mexico sheriff.

The Assassination of Pat Garrett

By JAMES MADISON HERVEY

Editor's Note: No one knew more about the assassination of Pat Garrett, Lincoln County (New Mexico) sheriff, than the late James Madison Hervey, Roswell attorney, who, just before he died in 1953, was induced to put on paper all the information he had with the understanding it would not be published until eight years after his death, at which time no one connected with it would likely be living. His account has just been released by members of the family to this magazine for publication and reveals many facets of the case of which little heretofore has been known.

I HAVE BEEN asked to give an account of what I learned about the death of Pat Garrett, famous Lincoln County sheriff, by my actual contact with evidence at the time, by what I found from personal investigation shortly thereafter and what I know about conditions previous to his death.

To clarify this matter, it is necessary to briefly review Garrett's life. He was a buffalo hunter in the locality of Fort Griffin, in western Texas, in the seventies and knew my father, who was a trader and dealer in buffalo hides and hunter's supplies. He came over into New Mexico in the late seventies and was in the mercantile business at Fort Sumner. It was here that he met Billy the Kid and became acquainted with him. As has been related in histories, Garrett was afterwards elected sheriff of Lincoln County.

Billy the Kid was tried at Las Cruces, New Mexico, in the spring of 1881 for the murder of Brady, sheriff of Lincoln County, and was sentenced to be hanged in Lincoln. The jail in Lincoln being unsafe, he was kept in the court room and guarded day and night. He succeeded in getting advantage of the guards. He killed them both, escaped, and practically dropped off the face of the earth for several months.

Garrett was not in Lincoln on the day this happened, but thereafter he constantly worked under cover to locate the hiding place of the Kid. It was not very long because he got information in July that the Kid was hiding around Fort Sumner. Garrett took two deputies, John W. Poe and Kip McKinney, and they set out on horseback for Fort Sumner, which was an abandoned military post, but still a settlement and a trading point.

Garrett and his two deputies hid in the neighborhood of Fort Sumner until night and then cautiously proceeded to the house of Pete Maxwell, where Garrett found Billy and killed him.

WHEN I WAS a boy, ten or eleven years old, I lived for a few months with Mr. and Mrs. Poe on their farm near Roswell, and this is the story given by Mr. Poe as well as I can remember it.

When Garrett's term of office as sheriff expired he came to Roswell and purchased a farm, as did John W. Poe. At that time what is now Chaves County was a part of Lincoln County. A good many years later, in 1889, Chaves County was created. Garrett wanted to be the first sheriff of Chaves County.

In the meantime Garrett and Poe had become unfriendly and Poe did not care to have Garrett sheriff. I remember the campaign very well. They were both busy working on the election, one for and the other against. There was only one party, which was the Democratic party, but this was a division in the party. As a result of the election Garrett was defeated, very much to his chagrin and disappointment. He felt, in fact, that on the record he had made as sheriff of Lincoln County, the people should have elected him as the first sheriff of Chaves County.

About this time James J. Hagerman, Colorado millionaire and owner of the famous Molly Gibson Mine, decided to build a railroad from Pecos, Texas, north through New Mexico to Amarillo, and had his representatives in the neighborhood of Roswell buying up the farms. Garrett took advantage of the opportunity to sell out and moved to Uvalde, Texas.

Some time after this, in the spring of

1896, there occurred what is known now as the "Fountain murder" presumably somewhere in the White Sands of New Mexico, between Alamorgordo and Las Cruces.

Fountain was a prominent Republican in Dona Ana County, of which Las Cruces is the county seat, and had been a member of the Legislature. He was an attorney and a criminal prosecutor of considerable force and vigor. In 1895 and 1896 he was employed by an association of cattle owners to prosecute persons charged with theft of cattle. At the approaching term of Lincoln County court in 1896 he was to go to Lincoln and prosecute a number of persons so charged.

He set out in a buckboard and took his small son, about four years old, with him for company. The work of prosecuting was done and he set out for home but has never been heard of to date. His disappearance created a great deal of excitement and his friends spent large sums of money and much time endeavoring to apprehend his murderers, as it was assumed beyond any question that he was murdered as a result of his prosecution of cattle thieves.

Someone conceived the idea of bringing Garrett up from Uvalde and setting him to work as a detective on the job. This was done, and after working for a number of months he was elected sheriff of Dona Ana County, and thereupon he moved to Las Cruces.

Practically all of Garrett's time and thought was devoted to apprehending the murderers of Colonel Fountain. He had various clues, and at one time took a posse and arrested a man upon whom his suspicions centered, but apparently he was wrong, as the man was tried and acquitted, and thereafter Garrett continued the search. This he did long after his term as sheriff had expired.

In the country east of Las Cruces there was a cattle baron by the name of Cox. He had been operating a ranch in that country for a long time.

With these preliminaries, I shall note what was said about Garrett's death at the time it happened and what I afterwards found out.

I WAS attorney general of New Mexico from 1907 to 1909. Garrett was killed in February, 1908, on the highway just east of Las Cruces. There was a man with him at the time by the name of Carl Adamson, whom I once defended on a charge of smuggling Chinamen into the United States.

The report was brought to Las Cruces that a young man by the name of Wayne Brazel had killed Garrett in an altercation over a ranch. Apparently the only disinterested witness was Adamson.

New Mexico was a territory at that time and the attorney general was an appointee of the federal government. George Curry was the governor and a personal friend of mine. He came to me soon after the news of Garrett's murder was out and said that he would go down to Las Cruces the next day to the funeral and suggested that I go along, as the talk was running pretty high among Garrett's friends and there might be trouble.

It had gotten out that Albert B. Fall (later U.S. Senator) had been retained to defend Brazel and that the district attorney was a pretty close friend of Fall's. He thought there should be an independent investigation.

I went to Las Cruces, and while the Governor was attending the funeral, I saw Carl Adamson and asked him to go with me and show me the exact place where Garrett was killed and how it happened. We took Fred Fornoff from Santa Fe along with us. He was a noted peace officer and captain of the State Mounted Police.

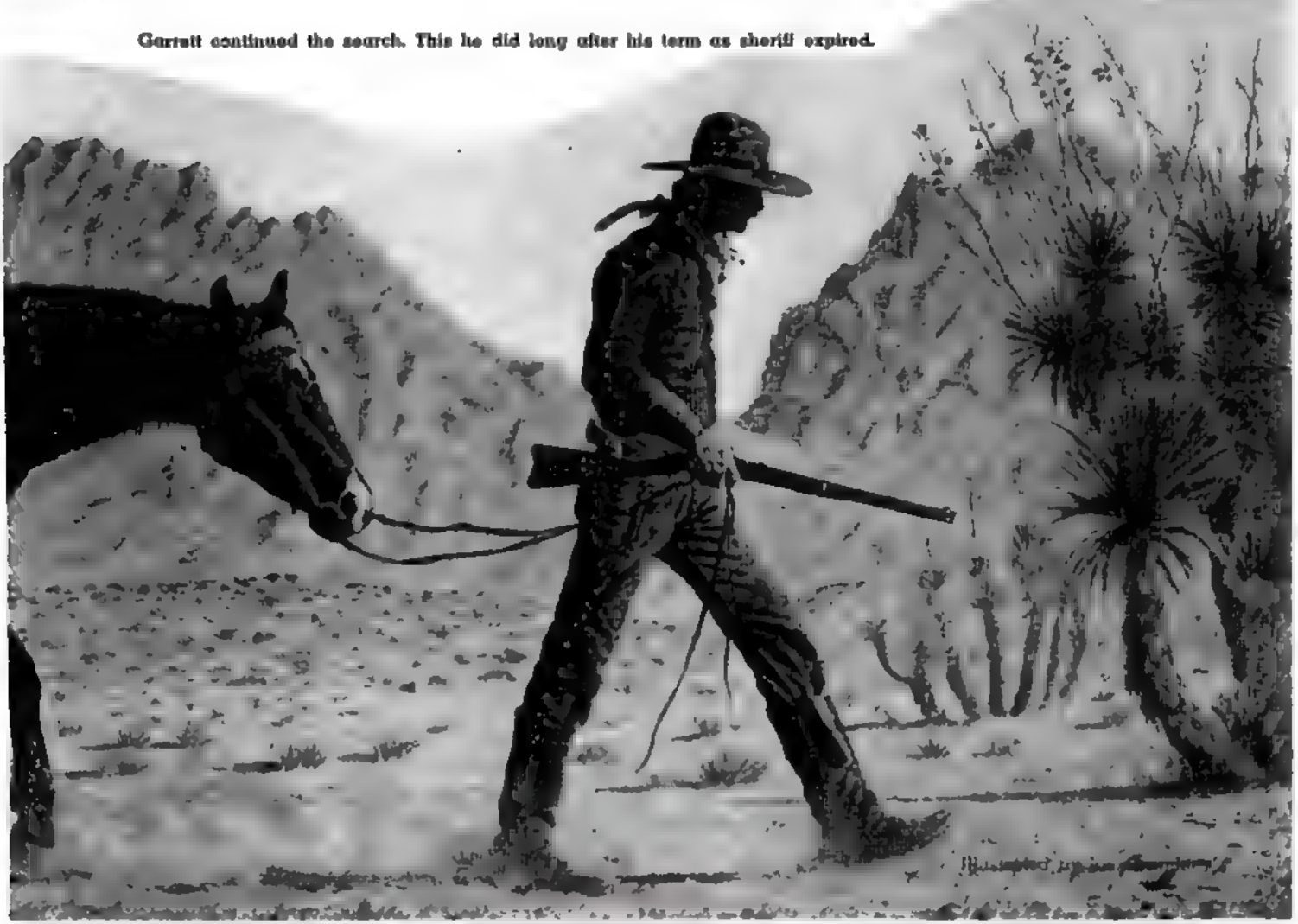
Adamson said he had met Garrett in El Paso and had indicated that he wanted to buy a ranch and Garrett said that he had one east of Las Cruces that he would like to sell. He and Adamson had gone to the ranch, loooked it over and were returning to Las Cruces in a buckboard. Brazel caught up with them on horseback. Adamson saw that Brazel had a Winchester strapped to his saddle but didn't see any other arms.

Garrett had a sawed-off shotgun leaning against the dashboard in the front of the buckboard. This he always carried in that place.

Brazel said to Garrett, "I understand you're trying to sell the ranch," and Garrett said he was, that he was trying to sell it to the man he had there with him. Brazel said, "You leased me that

(Continued on page 40)

Garrett continued the search. This he did long after his term as sheriff expired.



CURTAINS for Big Nose George

By GEORGE D. WOLFE

Big Nose George is still around — but in pieces only!

THE END for many a desperado in the frontier West at the hands of the vigilantes was both swift and ruthless. The march of "progress" was not to be stayed by the bad hombre whose body and remains passed quickly to the cold earth and more or less from living memory. But this was not to be exactly so for Big Nose George Manuse, alias Curry, alias Parrott, for parts of his grisly remains are on exhibit today, a mute but eloquent lesson of the hard road of the transgressor.

Big Nose George was hanged from a telegraph pole in the town of Rawlins, Wyoming, on March 22, 1881, and parts of his body and effects were scattered over two states. The top of his skull is in the Union Pacific Museum in Omaha, a pair of shoes that were made from his tanned skin is on display in a Rawlins Bank, while other parts repose in the Carbon County Museum.

Some of the grisly relics came to light as recently as 1950. They were found in a whisky barrel dug up in Rawlins during excavation work on West Cedar Street.

In the crowd which gathered to see the relics was Ed Bennett, a Rawlins merchant, who remembered that a resident owned a part of Big George's skull, a gift from the surgeon who had dismembered the body. This part was brought to the city and Dr. E. B. Sturgis, the coroner, matched it with the part found in the whisky barrel. They fitted precisely. Big George was coming back in pieces—and Rawlins residents were not a little dismayed, even chagrined.

Big Nose George's checkered career reached a climax one day in 1878 when he and several others made plans to rob a Union Pacific train carrying, among other valuable express shipments, a payroll of the same U. P. Railway. The names of all the robbers are not known, but Big Nose George and "Dutch Charlie" Burris led the sortie. The means they took to achieve their ends aroused the citizenry to an abiding hatred toward the outlaws.

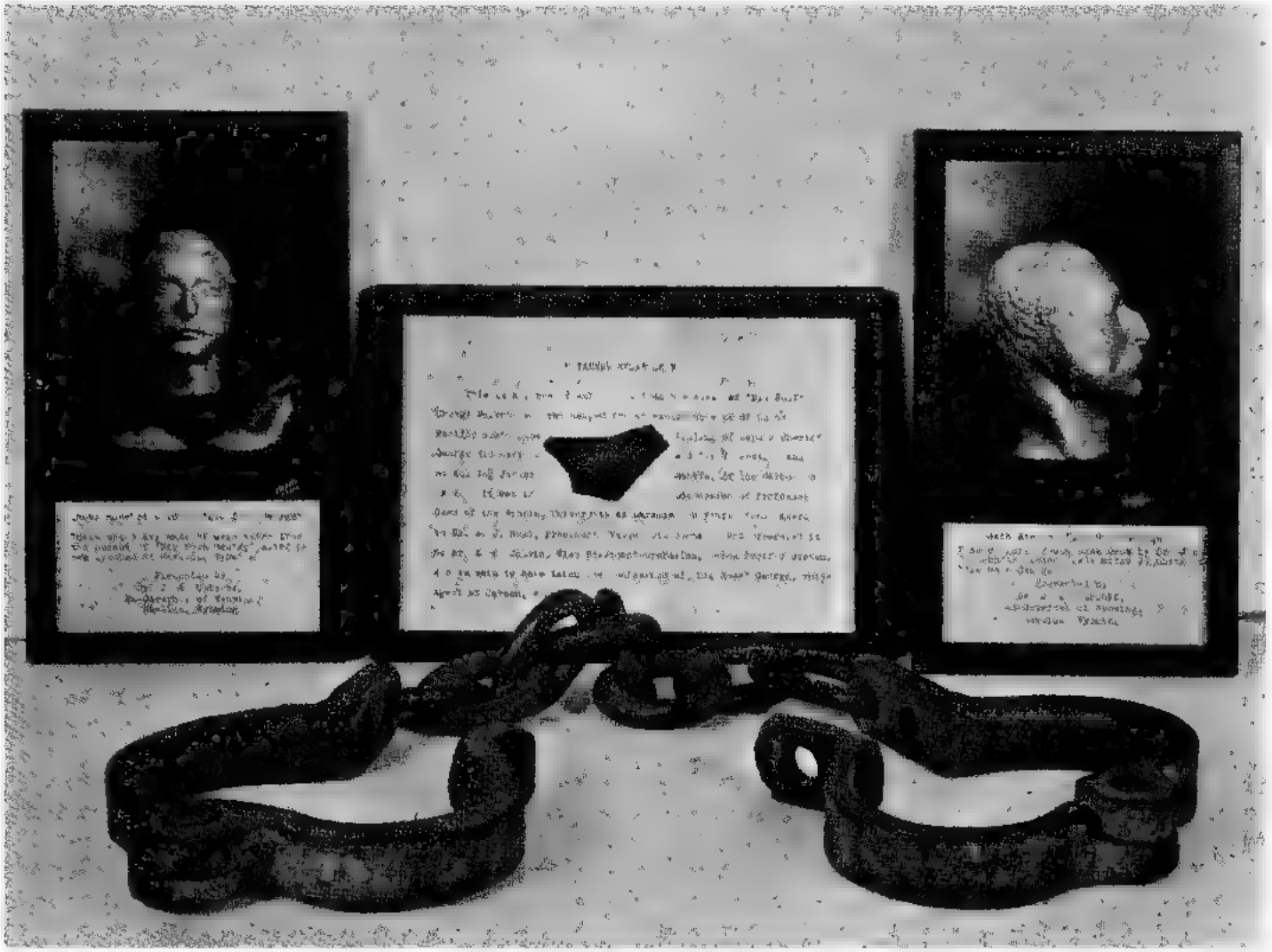
The spot chosen for the holdup of the train was near the little town of Carbon, about 39 miles east of Rawlins. The bandits removed the spikes and tie-plates from a rail, looped it with telegraph wire and ran the wire back into the brush. The plan was to yank the rail out and derail the train, timing the movement so that the engineer could not avert the derailment. In the resulting confusion the bandits hoped to quickly seize the loot from the derailed cars.

But the train was late. A group of section hands enroute to Carbon on a handcar detected the loose rail and wire. The frustrated robbers took off in a mad gallop and did not stop until they reached Elk Mountain, about five leagues to the southwest. They made a camp in Rattlesnake Canyon, where they cursed their luck and tried to form a new plan.

Seeing Big George and his cohorts take to their heels, the section gang decided the smart and safe thing to do was to repair the rail and remove the wire. This they did, before going on to Carbon, and thereby forestalled a possible train wreck.

Special agent Tip Vincent, from Carbon, and Deputy Sheriff Robert Widdowfield, from Rawlins, took up the trail which led away from the scene of the thwarted robbery.

As the men approached the camp in Rattlesnake Canyon, Big George, posted high on the cliffs, saw the officers and ordered that the camp be aban-



Relics of Big Nose George.

doned and an ambush set up.

The outlaws' fire was still glowing when the officers reached it. Widdowfield dismounted and was approaching the fire when a series of rifle shots erupted from behind some rocks at almost point-blank range. Widdowfield died instantly with a bullet in his head, the work, it is said, of Dutch Charlie. Vincent had also dismounted. He raced for his horse, but a bullet through his leg slowed him down. Yet, in the midst of intense fire, he managed to mount. He had no more than done so when a volley lifted him out of the saddle and he fell to the ground dead. Big George later admitted that he had fired one of the shots that killed the deputy.

Big George decided he would wrap it up good. They stripped and robbed the bodies, hid the corpses in the brush, shot the horses, and "lit a shuck" for the north. Some time later a searching party found the bodies of Widdowfield and Vincent beside a trail that had grown cold.

A large reward was offered by Carbon County for the capture of the killers. The gang broke up; they scattered far and wide. Even to this day authorities are in doubt as to the exact number and identity. But they knew that Big George was there, also Dutch Charlie. Almost four months went by. And then came a break in the case.

In late December, 1878, a suspicious looking man was seen near Rock Creek,

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The remains of Big Nose George were found in a barrel in Rawlins in 1950.

Jedediah Smith had a big curiosity bump. He had to know what was on the other side of every mountain.

The Greatest Mountain Man Of Them All

By ROBERT GARDNER

Illustrated by Ben Carlton Mead

FROM A HIGH bluff overlooking the Missouri River hundreds of Indians poured a deadly fire down on a small party of fur trappers huddled on an exposed sandbar. A tall young man ignored the fusillade of bullets as he moved with assurance among the beleaguered white men. From time to time he gestured vigorously at two keelboats moored in the middle of the river. On one of the keelboats a man dressed in military garb raged helplessly at the panicky Creole boatmen as they cut the boats adrift and floated down the river, leaving the shore party stranded on the beach.

For a short time the trappers continued their hopeless fight, then the young man led the survivors into the river. Some, already weakened with wounds, disappeared under the muddy waters. Fortunately, most of the savages stopped to hack and mutilate the dead bodies on the sandbar and a handful of the original party escaped. Thirteen white men lay dead on the sandbar or floated lifelessly down the river.

The date was June 2, 1823. General William H. Ashley's Missouri River Expedition had been trading with the Arikara villages near what is now Mowbridge, South Dakota, when without warning, the Indians attacked his shore party. The refusal of the General's boatmen to go to the assistance of the stranded trappers had left them helpless under the fire of the entrenched Indians. The slaughter which followed is known in history as the Arikara Massacre. It was one of the worst disasters in the American fur trade.

The tall young man whose leadership saved the party from complete extermination was Jedediah Smith. Before his death eight years later, Jed Smith was to survive two more Indian massacres and to explore more of the American West than any other man in history. But today Jed Smith, the greatest pathfinder of the early west, fights a losing battle for historic recognition.

Every school boy knows the names of Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, "Old Bill" Williams, and Hugh Glass. Yet, in his

day, Jedediah Smith towered head-and-shoulders above these immortals. Plainsman, hunter, trader, trapper, Indian fighter, explorer extraordinary—Jed Smith was the unquestioned leader of that small band of indomitable men who bore the proud title of "mountain men."

Accredited discoverer of South Pass, first to travel overland to California, first to cross the Sierra Nevada, first to travel by land from California to Oregon—wherever later so-called explorers went, Jedediah Smith had been there before. In spite of this, when he died under the lances of the Comanches on the Cimarron Desert in 1831, Jed Smith passed into obscurity.

IT WAS on March 6, 1822, that General Ashley put his now-famous advertisement in the *Missouri Republican* asking for 100 "enterprising young men" to ascend the Missouri to its source "there to engage in the fur trade." Among those who answered the call was young Jedediah Strong Smith.

This quiet, intensely religious young man must have been a startling contrast to the rude, boisterous, "half-hoss, half-alligator" frontiersmen who made up the balance of General Ashley's expedition. Yet, in a few short months, he was to be their unquestioned leader.

It may be assumed that his courage on the sandbar under the Arikara villages established his place among the Ashley men. And to be a leader among the Ashley men was to be somebody. Jim Bridger, Thomas Fitzpatrick, William and Milton Sublette, Jim Clyman, Mike Fink, Andrew Henry, Etienne Provost, "Black" Harris, Edward Rose, David Jackson, the legendary Hugh Glass—all were Ashley men. And where Jed Smith led them they followed.

After the Arikara disaster and the abortive "Missouri Legion" expedition to punish the redskins, Jed led a party of sixteen men into the Wind River Mountains of Wyoming. It was on this trip that he had an encounter with a grizzly from which he bore scars the rest of his life.

These surly, silver-tipped giants were in many respects the trappers' worst enemies. Powerful, truculent, crafty, of uncertain dispositions ranging from complete indifference to sudden blind rages, they roamed by the hundreds along every water course. Scores of trappers suffered death or mutilation from them.

One day Jed was riding at the head of his column when a grizzly burst from a thicket, knocked him from his horse and before the enraged beast could be killed, had, in addition to breaking several ribs, mangled Jed dreadfully. Most of his scalp and forehead were torn away and one ear dangled by a thread of flesh.

Jim Clyman described this scene years later in his autobiography.

"I cain't do anything fer that ear," said Jim, shaking his head mournfully.

"Stitch it up one way or another," ordered Jed and sat stoically as Jim—"put in my needle, stitching it through and through and over and over, laying the lacerated parts together as nicely as I could with my hands."

After his primitive surgery, Jed continued on his way but thereafter always wore his hair long to cover a tattered ear. Apparently Clyman's ability as a plastic surgeon did not come up to his standards as a descriptive writer.

AFTER A WINTER camp with the Crows, Jed led his party south to the Sweetwater and discovered to the west a wide, wind-swept gap in the mountains. He proceeded over this pass to the Green River. This was the first known crossing, the famous South Pass, through which the covered wagons of the western migration were to pour in later years.

Jed spent the next three years in the western Rockies trapping the Green, the Snake, the Columbia, the Bear and many of their tributaries. He mastered the technique of trapping and trading and the art of both war and diplomacy with the Indians. As a trapper, trader, hunter and Indian fighter (or diplomat, as the occasion demanded) he had no peer.

He also had a big curiosity bump. He had to know what was on the other side of every mountain. For instance, while Jim Bridger is given credit for discovering Salt Lake, to Jed Smith must go the credit for recognizing Jim's discovery for what it was. Jim thought he had found an arm of the Pacific Ocean! Jed built a bullboat and in twenty-four days circled the whole lake—almost dying from thirst in the experience.

At the Cache Valley rendezvous of 1826, General Ashley sold his interests to a new partnership of Jed Smith, William Sublette and David Jackson. Now, as senior partner in the firm of Smith, Jackson and Sublette, Jed began his explorations in earnest.

Taking a party of fifteen men Jed started southwest from what is now Logan, Utah, and proceeded into an uncharted and unexplored country. Following the Sevier and Virgin Rivers through the rugged red canyon country of southern Utah and Nevada, he finally came to the Colorado River.

After a short rest for men and horses at the villages of some friendly Mojave Indians, the party started across the desert. Today's motorist who travels from Needles to San Bernardino, parallels the route taken by the Smith party and has some conception of the hardships of this trip. Here the desert is a savage, gray desolation.

Blasted by the sun and by sandstorms, always suffering from thirst, the party plodded across the desert. Jed led his men to the crack in the mountains which is Cajon Pass and down into the San Bernardino Valley. The first Americans had come to California by land.

IN CALIFORNIA there was a very unpleasant session with Governor Echeandia, who was highly suspicious of the tall *Americano*. At first it looked as though Jed would be sent to Mexico City in chains. However, the governor relented and merely banned the Americans, telling them to leave the way they had come. Dutifully they retired through Cajon Pass; then, out of sight of the Spaniards, they turned north and proceeded over Tehachapi Pass into the great San Joaquin Valley.

Here they found the beaver for which they had been searching. After a highly successful trapping season on the various tributaries of the San Joaquin River, they found themselves camped on the Stanislaus River with 1,500 pounds of prime beaver furs and no place to take them. They dared not return to the California coast and the tender mercies of Governor Echeandia. Jed tried to take the party over the mighty Sierra Nevada but it was too much for the heavily-loaded pack horses. They were forced to turn back.

Word had to be taken to Jed's partners at the annual rendezvous in Utah. Leaving the main party encamped on the Stanislaus, Jed took two men with seven horses and two mules loaded with forage, and again assaulted the great mountain range.

The snow was four to eight feet deep and the summit was a wind-swept desolation of snow, ice and tumbled rocks. They battled howling winds, bitter cold, and sudden, blinding snowstorms. But, eight days later, the three men stood on the edge of the northern Nevada desert. The first crossing of the Sierra Nevada by a white man had been accomplished.

Then began an incredible journey. Even today the trip from Reno to Salt Lake over the most modern of highways is hardly a pleasure trip. The desert begins as a desolate expanse of harsh, gray emptiness and, nearing Salt Lake, becomes the white stretches of great salt flats which are the beds of extinct lakes. Jedediah Smith did it in twenty-nine days, most of the time on foot.

The animals which had survived the mountain crossing were so weakened that they died soon after the desert journey started. Day after day Jed and his two men staggered onward, until finally one of his men fell and could travel no more. Carefully Jed buried him up to his neck in the sand and miraculously staggered on, to find a stagnant, scum-encrusted water hole. He returned, revived his follower and carried him back to the water hole.

Finally after 600 miles of tortuous travel, three semi-delirious skeletons arrived at the Bear Lake rendezvous in northeastern Utah.

Ten days later Jed started back and with another party of eighteen men, retraced his steps southwest to the Colorado. At the Mojave villages disaster struck.

The Indians, who had been so friendly the year before, waited until the party was divided in the river crossing; then, without warning, they massacred the ten men who were on the eastern shore. The survivors, some wounded, with only five guns, a few rounds of ammunition, and no horses, fought off the pursuing Mojaves and staggered out into the southern California desert.

This time they made the Needles to San Bernardino trip on foot in the middle of the summer. The temperatures reached fantastic heights. The sufferings, particularly of the wounded men, were indescribable. After ten days and 150 miles of agony, the nine men, gaunt as sun-dried mummies, staggered down the Cajon Pass into California.

Governor Echeandia was furious. Again they were sent back across the Cajon. Again they turned north and soon rejoined last year's party on the Stanislaus.

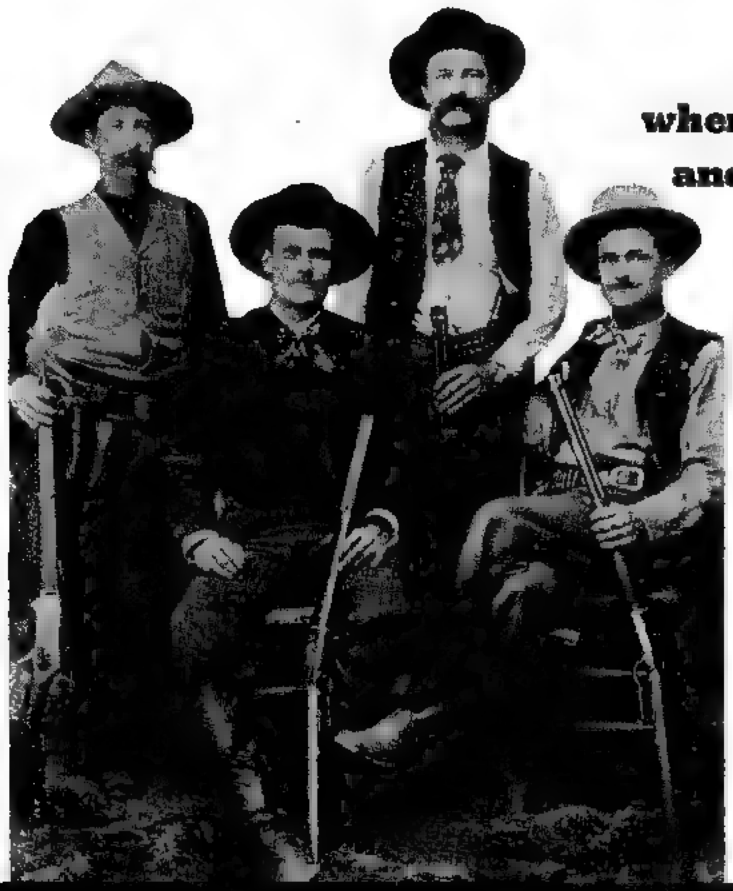
THIS TIME Jed decided to go north to the Columbia, planning on following the Columbia to the Snake and from there into familiar country. Buying 200 horses from some friendly Californians, Jed and his men packed their beaver and started up the Sacramento Valley. It was the rainy season. Swollen rivers, flooded lowlands, and endless tule marshes made the Sacramento Valley a vast quagmire. They turned toward the coast and were soon in the Trinity Alps, some of the most rugged mountains on the North American continent.

It rained constantly. Horses fell screaming from slippery mountain trails

(Continued on page 58)

NSED TO UNZ.ORG

John R. Hughes was a man's man in an outfit where guts were considered necessary and heroism a run-of-the-mill trait.



By WM. CX HANCOCK

Ed Bartholomew

Texas Rangers at Shafter Mines in the Big Bend District of Texas (1890). Left to right, standing, Bob Speaker and Jim Putnam. Sitting, Lon Odom and Captain John R. Hughes.

Ranger's Ranger

THE DAWNING winter day was unusually cold for the middle stretches of the Rio Grande. In the resultant fog gently billowing upward and outward from the muddy river, Ranger John R. Hughes, a rookie on his first assignment out of training at Camp Wood, pulled up his big horse and peered uncertainly about. He had a hot tip that Catarina Garza—much-wanted outlaw and chief instigator of the "Garza War"—was in the area.

A gust of wind came out of the south from the river, bearing the smell of a campfire and the aroma of boiling coffee. The Ranger dismounted and tied his horse to a mesquite bush. He followed his nose which led him to a dense *bosque* of retamas, huisaches and willows.

He located a dim and twisting trail into the *bosque* and stealthily crept along it. After rounding several turns in the path, he sighted the campfire in a small clearing.

A man was just removing the coffee pot from the fire and pouring the contents into four tin cans. Hughes studied the layout carefully but could locate only three persons. He dropped to his all-fours and crawled up close behind the seated trio.

The leader of the band turned his head to the left in a listening attitude. He lowered his *serape* the better to hear, revealing Indian-like features and an ugly, jagged scar extending from ear to chin. The exact description of Catarina Garza!

Hughes stood and whipped out his Colt.

"Raise your hands and stand up!" he rasped in Spanish. "And keep facing the fire."

The flabbergasted outlaws did as directed.

"Unbuckle your gun belts with the left hand, drop 'em and step forward two paces."

The bandits complied. Hughes quickly unholstered their pistols and stuck them inside his belt. Haste was his chief concern as the missing fourth man posed a mortal threat. Ordering Garza to back up with his hands behind him, Hughes handcuffed him in that position. Then, quickly, he bound the prisoner's ankles with his *serape*.

"I'm letting the rest of you *hombres* go free," he announced.

"But don't trail me or I'll kill you all."

The giant Ranger draped Garza over his shoulder like a sack of meal and, pistol in hand, edged backward toward the trail. Just as he reached the first turn, brush popped on the opposite side of the clearing and the missing outlaw, José Deshayas, rode into the circle of light, leading the three horses of his *compadres*. He had been watering the animals down at the river.

Hughes leveled on the outlaw but the astonished Mexican sat on his horse transfixed, so the Ranger held his fire, backed around the turn, whirled and moved toward his horse with long strides. He unbound Garza's ankles, pushed him up into the saddle, swung up behind him and galloped away upstream in the fog, headed for Rio Grande City.

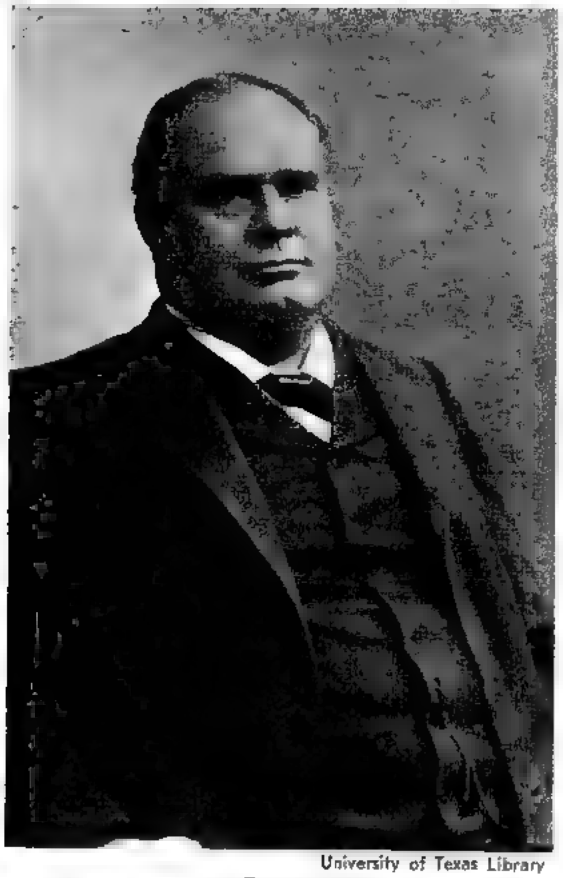
NOT LONG afterward, local lawmen jailed José Deshayas for cattle theft. Via grapevine, the facts of the Garza arrest had become known to the people of the region. Deshayas and the jailer were old acquaintances and in their jabbering with one another, quickly got around to the Garza affair.

"You claim to be a tough *hombre*," taunted the jailer. "How come you put up no fight when Ranger Hughes put the clamp on Garza?"

"*Señor*," replied José in great earnestness, "I hungered to kill the big *gringo* as he carried our leader away. But the Big One stabbed me with eyes of fire. It came to me suddenly that here was *el diablo negro* unkillable come to plague us. My hands shook so hard I could not draw my pistol."

MANY TIMES the associates of Hughes were to declare that this seemingly hypnotic effect of the Hughes personality on hardcases contributed to the uncounted miraculous escapes from death marking his career. Even as a youth fresh off a farm at Cambridge, Illinois, he proved himself more than a match for outlaws.

He had caught on as a cowhand in



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Governor Hogg

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

Robert Wagner

Above, What do I do? A harried deputy sent this telegram to Governor Culberson while Hughes was in Judge Roy Bean's territory to stop the Maher-Fitzsimmons fight. Below, John R. Hughes.

Ed Bartholomew

Oklahoma Indian Territory with an outfit supplying cattle to the reservation Indians. A feared breed rustler named Big Nig Goombi tried to run off the stock Hughes was herding. The tenderfoot puncher killed the dangerous thief, but was himself maimed by wounds in the right arm which permanently slowed his draw from that side. He quickly taught himself to fire from the left side with such speed and accuracy that few subsequent acquaintances suspected that he had not been born left-handed.

When his job with the beef contractors collapsed in 1877, Hughes helped trail a cattle herd from Indian Territory to *Ellis, Kansas,* where he met Major Drumm of the Cross-P outfit from Texas. Drumm was so impressed with the dark young giant that he brought him home with him.

"When we got to Cross-P headquarters in Central Texas," Hughes liked to remark in later years, "and I got my first look at those rich grasslands stretching afar to the rim of the sky, I said to myself, 'This is for me.' After we finished the Cross-P cattle drive in '78, I drew my wages and set up my own ranch. A horse ranch."

Having little capital for breeder stock, Hughes had to run down wild horses on the open range and break them. Then he would trade a good broken mount for a band of free-ranging home-breds and toil many weeks to capture and break his new stock. Every day was a rodeo for him with the open range as an arena.

"Mighta finished out my days in this tough game had a bunch of rustlers not come raiding my way," he once explained. "They ran off a lot of good horses from our country and a passel of 'em were mine."

Hughes made a deal with his neighbors whereby he agreed to pursue the thieves if the neighbors would look after his ranch. The lone horseman cut the rustlers' trail and stuck to it across the endless prairie folds of Central Texas, over the foothills and down onto the limitless plains of West Texas, over the caprock and into the trackless reaches of the *Llano Estacado,* down twisting canyon trails into New Mexico.

At last he overhauled the robbers. Characteristically disregarding the odds, the furious young rancher attacked without hesitation. When the echoing thunder of gunfire died away in the New Mexico canyon, four rustlers lay dead and two wounded survivors were begging for a chance to surrender. Hughes turned the pair over to the nearest sheriff.

When he came jogging back to his ranch—and he was driving the stolen horses before him—he was ending 350 days on the trail!

This remarkable feat was greeted with mixed feelings. There were few men in Hughes' country who had not indulged in some "long roping" at one time or another. Thus friends of the dead horse thieves marked Hughes for a quick bushwhacking. He survived several such ambushes but every time he knocked off one potential assassin, another seemed to pop up in his place.

On August 10, 1887, Hughes swung down in front of Ranger headquarters at Georgetown and strode across the puncheon floor to the sergeant's desk.

"I've come to join the Texas Rangers," he announced.

Just like that!

The sergeant approvingly noted the big stranger's thick black hair, neat black mustache, clean-shaven but blue-black jaws, piercing dark eyes and iron chin.

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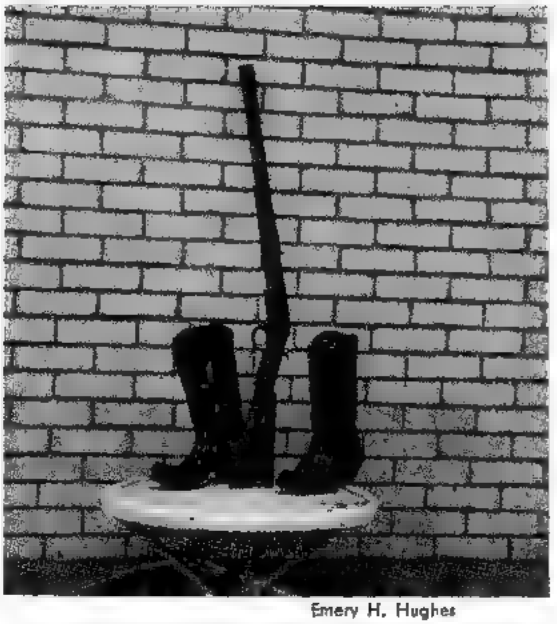
The livery stable in Georgetown, Texas, in the 1890's.



Emery H. Hughes

Captain John R. Hughes' gun and boots.

Ed Bartholomew

Above, Catarina Garza in 1894. Below, Leola Freeman's oil portrait of Captain Hughes, painted for display at the Texas Centennial Exposition.

Emery H. Hughes

"What makes you think you'd like to be a Ranger?" he asked with a friendly smile.

"Been having to neglect my ranching so much to fight outlaws, I've decided I might as well get paid for it," answered Hughes grimly.

PRESENTLY Ranger Hughes was ordered to Rockport to help stamp out rustling prevalent in the area. While there, he met a lovely girl identifiable—from his papers and a picture left in a gold locket—only as Ann. It was a classic case of love at first sight. But just before the two were to be married, Ann died. Hughes never became interested in any other woman. The only respite from the grind of duty which he thereafter allowed himself was his annual pilgrimage to Ann's grave on the anniversary of her death.

He was so grief stricken that associates almost despaired of him. When the Fronteriza Mining Company made him an attractive offer to serve as security officer for their operations and guardian of their ore shipments, friends practically forced him to accept the proposition as a change of pace. But after six months with Fronteriza, he found the call of Ranger service irresistible and rejoined as a corporal in Company D of the immortal Frontier Battalion.

Oddly enough his first big job in the new tour of duty related to mining. Ore thieves out of Mexico were taking a heavy toll from the silver mines in Presidio County. Private detectives, county officers, even other Rangers had been unable to halt the thefts, much less catch any thieves. But Corporal Hughes took over and solved the *modus operandi* of the outlaws.

He and two companions surprised them at night in the act of stealing a cache of high grade ore. The robbers ignored the order to surrender and opened fire, to which the Rangers replied. When the smoke lifted after an hour-long battle, three of the thieves lay dead. Corporal Hughes had them buried where the trail forked into Mexico so the gleam of the white crosses at night would discourage unauthorized immigrants coveting silver. The ore thefts abruptly ceased.

Corporal Hughes completed assignment after assignment with a flourish. He talked little about his exploits, but he was so colorful he made excellent copy for newsmen and journalists who could usually obtain details from others. He became recognized as one of the most daring and able Rangers in the service. Little wonder that the first time a sergeancy became vacant in the Frontier Battalion, it was bestowed upon him.

In June, 1893, Sergeant Hughes and a detail were pursuing a gang of horsethieves, whom they captured, in the wild and desolate Guadalupe Mountains. In their absence, word reached company headquarters that four notorious cattlethieves were holed up at Tres Jacales on the Rio Grande. The celebrated company commander, Captain Frank Jones, took the Rangers remaining at the post and went after the rustlers.

The Rio Grande is tortuously winding in this stretch and the trail along it twisted now into Mexico, now into Texas. Captain Jones and his Rangers jumped the rustlers on what they considered Texas soil, though a recent shift in course by the river had placed the area south

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Teen-age

WAR, AMONG the Plains Indians, was a young man's game. Basically the objective of the war party was not to kill others but to capture horses and honors in counting coups.

Among most Plains tribes there were several coups or honors that counted more highly than the killing of an enemy. These were the taking of weapons away from a live enemy, touching a live enemy behind breastworks or in the open without killing him, touching a slain enemy, stealing enemy war or buffalo ponies tied to, or closely picketed to, their owner's lodge.

The stealing of horses from a loose herd did not count so highly in the counting of coups, but was important because the number of horses owned by a warrior indicated his wealth and success in life.

The majority of the war party members were young men in their late teens or early twenties. Usually the young warrior had to win coups in battle or own a number of horses before he could marry. He had to prove he was mature enough to protect and provide for a family before he could have one.

The leader was generally a mature, experienced man between thirty and forty years of age. He might have suggested the raid and invited others to accompany him, or a number of the young men may have come to him requesting that he lead them. The more renown he had gained as a leader of successful raids without losing men, the greater his popularity.

A warrior who had reached the age of thirty-five was actually a grizzled veteran greatly respected for having lived through the toughest wars. When a man acquired a wife and family, with more than enough horses to care for them, he was less eager to participate in journeys that would require his absence for weeks or even months at a time. No one expected him to be active any longer as a common warrior in offensive raids or warfare. He was actually of more value at home in tribal life.

Life expectancy among the Indian males of the Plains was very short. It is said that there were more boy babies born than girl babies, yet the adult women outnumbered the adult males by a ratio of three or four to one.

PARTICIPATION in war parties was on a volunteer basis. No one was forced to go, although sometimes to regain family or tribal prestige after a member of the tribe had been killed, a warrior might go to escape the wailing and reproaches of the deceased warrior's feminine relatives.

The number of warriors included in a raiding party depended upon the objective of the raid and the valor of the enemy. The usual party numbered ten to fifteen members, sometimes less and infrequently as many as fifty. Very, very seldom did an entire tribe go to war.

The raiding party was the training ground in warfare for boys in their early teens. Usually the boys were invited, but sometimes they ran away from home to join the party at a distance too far from the village to be recalled by their family. The war party could, of course, accept or reject their applications. The boys were always under the strictest supervision; if one were lost in battle his death was felt more deeply than that of any other member. In return for the privilege of accompanying the party and the instruction or experience received, the boy was required to carry the extra equipment and was expected to do all the camp drudgery, including tasks invented for his special attention. The novice did not receive any of the rewards of the raid, for he was not considered a full member.

After the boy had made one or more of these trips, depending upon his progress or ability, he was admitted to full membership.

Naturally the youth, being filled with ambition and the desire to have his successes recounted in his own village, was not satisfied until he was accepted as a desired member of a war party. If he believed that his recognition was too slow in coming, he would often organize his own raiding party among youths of his own age.

The boy had been in training for his acceptance as a warrior all of his life.

His first training was in horsemanship. That started when he first began to sit up alone. After the boy began to walk and his back had stiffened, his father usually took over the training. A gentle old horse would be saddled with a high horned woman's saddle and the boy bound in with rawhide or ropes so that he could not fall. The horse would then be led around so the boy would grow familiar with the sway and movement. Sometimes the horse with the boy tied in the saddle would be led by the mother during a camp move. As his strength and experience grew, the ropes were removed and he became more skilled in riding at different speeds and controlling his mount.

By the time he was seven or eight he could stick on the horse so tightly that only a sudden blow could dislodge him. To mount, the boy would run for the horse to gain momentum and using his toes like a tree-climbing animal, scramble up a foreleg to the horse's back.

He soon learned to make a flying mount on a running horse by hitting it on a forequarter, clutching the mane and hauling himself aboard.

When he was ten or twelve years old, the boy had charge of the family horse herd. Rising before daybreak, he rounded up the horses and drove them to water. He saw that they were watered several times during the day and driven out again for night pasturage.

The boy also was generally responsible for breaking in new horses to ride. The easiest way to do this was in the waters of a lake or stream. Riding a gentled horse and leading the unbroken horse out into belly-deep water, he would climb across onto the back of the untamed horse.

When the horse would lower his head to pitch or buck, his head would go under water. Of course, the violence of his activities would be softened by the resistance of the water, but the lesson was taught when the horse trying to lower his head would duck it under water. Not many duckings were required before the horse decided he had enough.

During the period when the boy was learning to be an expert horseman, he was also learning many other things necessary to becoming a warrior.

THE TRAINING of a boy as a runner was as important as his skill with a horse or with a bow and arrow.

Many times raiding parties set out on foot for the enemy territory. There was more honor in returning on horses when they had left on foot. Then, too, in battle their horses would often be killed and it would be necessary to evade the enemy and make long trips home on foot.

Indians were noted runners, covering great distances in such short times that it seems unbelievable. Some of those

Warriors

By BILL JUDGE

War is a young man's game.
The Plains Indians made sure their youngsters knew the rules.

Illustrated by B. J. McCausey

distances would have required a remarkably good horse in the best of condition to equal in the same time.

Once, while carrying dispatches, Luther North overtook a Pawnee boy on foot. The boy had already run twenty-two miles before North met him. He ran along with North's horse another thirty-five miles and then continued on an additional sixteen. In all, the boy covered a total distance of seventy-three miles in a little over ten hours, an average of seven miles an hour.

One of the noted Pawnee runners once ran 120 miles over rough, hilly country in less than twenty-four hours. He then turned around and made the return trip in equal time, a distance of 240 miles in less than forty-eight hours.

THE INDIAN boy learned to do things by imitating or acting out what he saw and heard. In the daytime he carefully watched the actions of the noted hunters, scouts, and warriors. In the evenings he was a silent listener, in the background, when tales of deeds and daring were retold.

His parents and other elders were careful to fire his ambitions by extolling the virtues and privileges that would be his when he became a famous member of the tribe.

Competitive sports were rough and rowdy enough to toughen the boy's body and varied enough to develop his agility and skill in the use of weapons. These games helped to improve the coordination between eyes and muscles. They provided the young warrior with the added experience of learning to make quick decisions in moments of stress or strain.

Some boys were more quick to learn than others. Great patience was exhibited with the backward ones until they were skilled in the activity in which they had been deficient. The boys that distinguished themselves at play or in training became leaders in the same way that distinguished warriors became leaders of the adults.

Older boys or elders directed the young man's efforts in the right direction. In some villages a male relative was responsible for the boy's progress. In other villages, a handicapped or elderly warrior was his tutor.

Young boys were given a bow and arrow almost as soon as they were old enough to grasp the bow. After that it rarely left their hands. They carried it wherever they went by day and retained it close by their sleeping robes at night.

In some tribes this first weapon was a simple willow bow with light reed arrows that were harmless and could be fired anywhere, even inside a lodge. With other tribes, the bow was a miniature replica of the father's bow in material and craftsmanship. The bow was light enough and small enough for the child to be able to flex it, and the arrows were short and blunt, so as to be harmless.

As the boy developed skill and power, the bow would be replaced by one more suitable to his needs. When he was eight or nine, his bow and arrow were deadly enough to kill game animals.

The boys were taught first to shoot

(Continued on page 63)

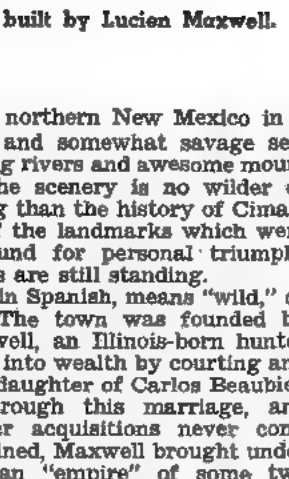
Kit Carson, the legendary trail blazer and scout, who became in his later years one of Cimarron, New Mexico's, famous residents.

Crossroads of the Outlaws

By GEORGE F. WORTS

"Satan's Paradise" the circuit-riding preacher named it as he high-tailed it out of town. Cimarron, New Mexico, lived up to its name by etching a bloody page into the history of the West.

Photos by Western Ways, Tucson, Arizona



Grist mill built by Lucien Maxwell.

IT LIES in northern New Mexico in a beautiful and somewhat savage setting of roaring rivers and awesome mountains. But the scenery is no wilder or more exciting than the history of Cimarron. Many of the landmarks which were the background for personal triumphs and tragedies are still standing.

Cimarron, in Spanish, means "wild," or "untamed." The town was founded by Lucien Maxwell, an Illinois-born hunter who married into wealth by courting and winning the daughter of Carlos Beaubien in 1842. Through this marriage, and through later acquisitions never completely explained, Maxwell brought under his control an "empire" of some two million acres. It is said that Lucien himself didn't know how much land he had—he just claimed everything in sight and had his claims backed up in the unfathomable land dealings that went on in New Mexico after the war of 1848.

Maxwell constructed a mansion in Cimarron and ruled over his empire with all the pomp and dictatorialness of a feudal baron. Practically everyone in his domain was indebted to him in one way or another. Yet he was apparently a benevolent "patron," for he was well-liked during his term as Indian agent for the Navajos and Apaches in the region and had a reputation for aiding those in need. Later, after selling his holdings for a reputed $1,000,000, give-or-take a few hundred thousand, he moved to Ft. Sumner. There his son gained a modicum of fame as owner of the house in which Pat Garrett shot Billy the Kid.

CIMARRON at the time was a town of contrasts. Thrown together in the rugged surroundings were Indians—Navajos, Utes and Apaches—gunmen running away from the law in Texas or Colorado, Mexican peons, landowners who traced their lineage back to Andalusian and Castilian nobility, immigrant shopkeepers, mountain men, and adventurers of all types and descriptions. Each man brought the law with him, or lived

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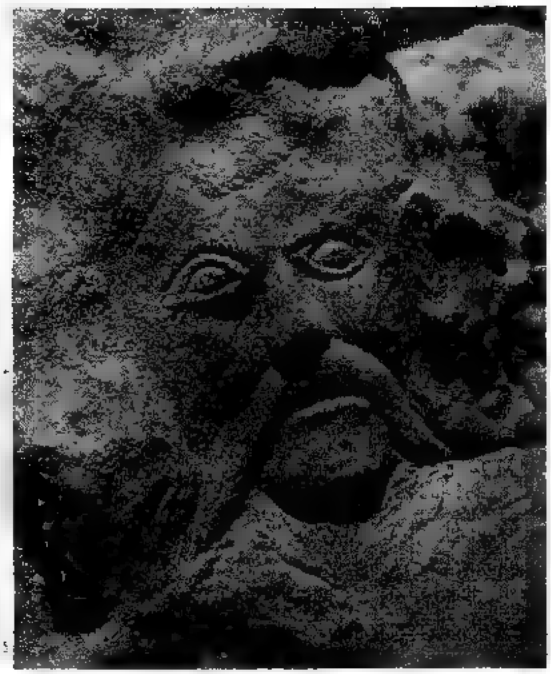

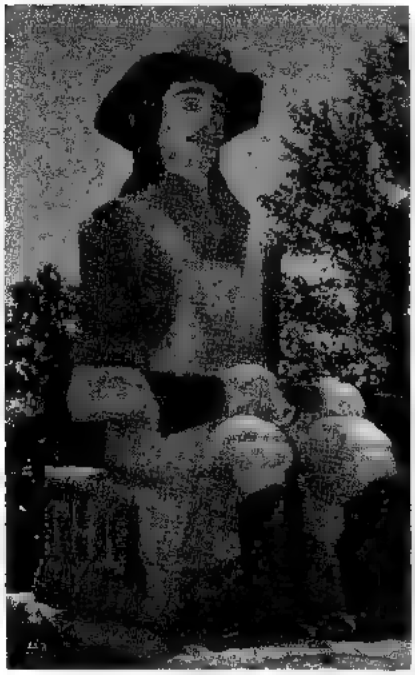

Left, unknown man by an unknown sculptor, carved in rock near Cimarron. It might be a portrait of Lucien B. Maxwell himself, but no one can say. Center, a concrete statue of Maxwell in Cimarron. Right, the registration desk of the old Don Diego Inn (formerly St. James Hotel) is as it was when Cimarron was "Satan's Paradise."

without its benefit. Spanish law, Indian law and American territorial law disagreed in so many respects that few tried to mould them together. To no place in the West could the axiom "Your law's on your hip, son!" be better applied.

One of the better exponents of self-made law was Clay Allison, a frequent visitor and part-time citizen in Cimarron. To this day the people of Colfax County express differing views about the Tennessee-born gunman. All admit he was tough—and perhaps a little unorthodox in his dealings with the law—but many maintain that he shot only in self-defense and led the vigilante movements which periodically swept through Cimarron. There is no question that he was feared—the news of his arrival in town was enough to put the most reckless on good behavior.

Henry Lambert was another of Cimarron's famous citizens. He built the St. James Hotel (now called the Don Diego Inn), which became the hangout of many of the hair-triggered outlaws of that era as well as the headquarters for many distinguished travelers. The ceiling of the old St. James Saloon is dotted with bullet holes, authentic reminders of the old days.

Lambert's biography is a fascinating one. He was born in Nantes, France. At the age of twelve he ran away from home, the first step toward a life of many fantastic adventures. He served in the French Navy—as a cook on a submarine!—joined a circus in Montevideo, Uruguay, and worked his way as a French chef through Latin America and to the United States. By 1862—he was only twenty-four—Henry became chef at the White House, thanks to a personal recommendation from General Ulysses S. Grant.

He didn't stay long in Washington. Goldseekers were migrating west, and Henry, who had tucked away a few shekels, decided to join them. On his way west he met Kit Carson, then a Cimarron resident, and cooked for him in camp. Kit was impressed; when they arrived in Cimarron, the old Indian scout introduced Lambert to Lucien Maxwell. Within a few years the young Frenchman had constructed the St. James Hotel, married, and was leading a prosperous and not unexciting life.

THERE were many other personalities who helped shape Cimarron's destiny. Buffalo Bill Cody formed plans for his first Wild West Show in the St. James barroom, then recruited trick riders, rodeo hands, sharpshooters, pinto ponies and Indians from the area. Black Jack Ketchum, train robber extraordinary, dropped in now and then to drink and gamble.

Davy Crockett, cousin of *the* Davy Crockett, made a bid for fame by shooting down three men who innocently got in his way as he was leaving one of the town's fifteen saloons. A little later he was laid to rest near the graves of his three victims, himself the victim of a faster gun.

Cimarron's most sinister figure was probably the smithy who robbed and murdered his customers. The story of his activities has never been completely verified, but according to the romance spun by those who claim to know, he disposed of his victims by burying them in lime under the floor of his house. The town, over-populated with strangers as it was, didn't miss the smithy's "customers" until his little daughter tattled on him one day. He murdered her while his wife ran for the sheriff. Clay Allison supposedly led the lynching party that stretched his neck.

The discovery of gold near Cimarron in the early 70's and the battle between the Santa Fe and the Denver & Rio Grande railways brought new excitement to the already boisterous town. The gold boom never materialized—despite "findings," there were no big strikes—and the railroad squabble was one of the factors leading up to the Colfax County war.

The war erupted when the Reverend F. J. Tolby was assassinated on the road between Cimarron and Elizabethton. His murderers were never found, nor was the motive for his slaying ever satisfactorily explained. Some claim it was a case of mistaken identity, others that *penitentes* were responsible .The most logical explanation, however, seems to point toward the Reverend's political dealings.

Torn by the competing railroad interests and involved in land ownership fights between squatters and the Maxwell Grant, Cimarron played host to some wild times in the late 70's and early 80's. Clay Allison rode into town again, supporting first one side and then the other (supposedly he reversed his stand due to the tears of the *Cimarron News and Press* publisher's young wife). The holders of the Maxwell Grant hired two famous eastern lawyers, T. B. Catron and Frank Springer, to fight the squatters who, in turn, called to their support a Methodist minister by the name of O. P. McMains (it was later said he was not actually a member of that Protestant body's ordained clergy).

THE "WAR" attracted newspaper headlines all over the country. McMains wrote a series of expose-type articles for a New York newspaper, keeping the pressure on the Maxwell Land Grant and labeling it an oppressor and a child "conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity." Finally the grant was broken up, due to the pressure exerted by politicians who were fighting to gain control of the Territory.

Most western towns with lurid histories have turned to dust and ashes. Cimarron has been more fortunate. Among surviving landmarks are Kit Carson's ranch house, recently restored on nearby Philmont Ranch. It is now a summer camp for Boy Scouts. The grist mill Maxwell built is still standing and has been converted for use as a grain storehouse. Swink's gambling hall, now a garage, a beautiful old Spanish church, and the thick-walled stone jail from

(Continued on page 58)

The Humiliating Demise Of Hell-Raising Copperfield

The governor of Oregon didn't send a boy to do a man's job. He sent his secretary!

By HOMER HATHAWAY

COPPERFIELD, Oregon, was a rip-snortin', wide-open frontier town. It had no law, no jail. But a 104-pound female came along and closed it down tighter than a baby's mouth at castor oil time.

Many an old-timer still shakes his head in disbelief when the Copperfield raid is mentioned. Copperfield—the drinkingest, gamblingest, whoringest, most lawless town a man could fall in love with, was brought to its knees by a five-foot-three female. It was enough to make a confirmed drunkard take the pledge. But it happened, and Copperfield never recovered from the attack of Miss Fern Hobbs!

Copperfield made no claim to being anything but what it was, a town built to pander to the unlimited vices of 2,000 construction hands who were building a railroad and a power plant. It was founded around 1909, located on the far eastern border of Oregon, on the edge of a canyon amid sagebrush and rocks in the valley of the Snake River. Its location had a lot to do with its being a law unto itself. It was 150 miles to the county seat of Baker, and over 450 miles to the state capital, Salem.

WHEN Copperfield was born, there was plenty of business for everyone. The town consisted of one street, lined on both sides with the typical false-fronted, jerry-built structures housing saloons, gambling joints and a large dance hall. Some of the town's better element had managed to build two general stores and a few warehouses. The railroad had contributed a railway station.

The railroad and its telegraph were really the only contact Copperfield had with the outside world. A mixed passenger and freight train came and went three times a week, but it seldom brought any outsiders into town. Copperfield grew fat and sassy on its own vice and unquenchable appetite for debauchery.

It never lacked for excitement. The construction gangs were continually fighting each other and though many a tough guy got banged up, it was seldom that anyone had to be carted off to the morgue. It was impossible, however, for a woman to walk down the streets without stepping around, or over, several drunks sprawled out in the snow or dust, depending on the season.

In the summer of 1913, the plush prosperity of Copperfield began to wear thin. The construction jobs were nearly finished, and trade was no longer on an unending merry-go-round of easy money. Nobody had any intention of sinning less, but the lack of ready cash made it a bit more difficult. Where once there had been room for all comers for the frontiersman's dollar, competition now reared its ugly head.

Things began to get really ugly when a saloon run by Martin Knezevich burned to the ground. The owner and his wife barely escaped unsinged. Nobody was stupid enough to believe it was an accident. Shortly thereafter another saloon caught fire, this one owned by William Wiegand, who was considered to be one of the town's big-shots. That was no accident, either.

Wiegand called his buddies together and decided that some legal means must be taken to force Knezevich out of Copperfield. Anything short of murder would do. It was the first time that the word, "law," had been mentioned in Copperfield in many years, but if it would serve the purpose, it would be used.

The first step was to incorporate Copperfield, a simple task. Then an election was held. All of the officials chosen were saloonkeepers, or worked for saloon owners. H. A. Stewart was chosen mayor; Tony Warner, William Wiegand and Charles Kuntz were named councilmen.

The first official business was the issuance of liquor licenses. Every joint in town got one but Martin Knezevich's place.

Knezevich was not the kind to take this lying down, although he might just as well have. His first move was to seek assistance from the county prosecutor. This weary gentleman came to town, stayed long enough to hear both sides argue, and returned to Baker with the news that he couldn't make any sense from it, that Copperfield should best be left to settle its troubles in its own way.

Knezevich next appealed to the county sheriff, Ed Rand. Mr. Rand was a man of epic proportions; he stood six feet tall and weighed over 200 pounds. But he wanted no part of Copperfield! Let it settle its own squabble.

By this time the opposition was getting fed up with Mr. Knezevich. Not by accident, his saloon caught fire again. Fortunately he was able to muster enough support to help put out the fire before he was burned out.

BATTLE LINES had been clearly drawn when Oregon's Governor West began to hear about Copperfield and its lawlessness. Letters arrived in his office, the contents of which he found highly disturbing, even unbelievable. It was certainly no source of personal pride that such a town as Copperfield was allowed to exist in his state.

He fired off a message to Baker County authorities to clean up Copperfield or else. They said they preferred the "or else." West was a fairly patient man. He gave them until Christmas to clean

Illustrated by Keith Avery

things up, declaring that if nothing had been done by then, the state would take over.

No one in Baker argued the point; they preferred it that way. Christmas came and went in Copperfield in the usual manner, with every bar in town running wide open. The time limit was up.

West was a man with a flair for the dramatic. He could see it would take a unique, and bold, move on his part to clean up Copperfield.

He called in his secretary, Miss Fern Hobbs, and told her she would act as his messenger, with all the power which he himself would wield if he were personally handling the affair. He suggested she wire the mayor of Copperfield that she wished to meet with the city officials immediately upon her arrival.

"At the meeting," he said, "you will call on city officials in the saloon business to resign their offices. If they refuse, you will declare martial law, disarm all citizens, close the saloons, and wipe all liquor, gambling equipment and such out of Copperfield. Close the place up tight!"

It was a pretty tall order for a young woman of twenty-five who had never done anything more dangerous than cross a Salem street against traffic, but Miss Hobbs was a woman of strong determination. She also had some very strong backing.

As soon as his secretary had left Salem, Governor West called a news conferences. He delightedly told the whole story. He was quite emphatic about the fact that the Baker county sheriff had been unable to bring Copperfield to heel, but expressed complete confidence in the ability of his five-foot-three, 104 pound secretary to do so.

Copperfield, when it got the message along with the rest of the world, wired back that it would decorate the city with ribbons and, if any could be found, there would even be flowers for the governor's emissary.

"Why not?" said Governor West. "Aren't flowers customary at a funeral?"

MISS HOBBS, accompanied by seven stalwarts who had no fear of Copperfield's vaunted reputation, arrived there in bitterly cold weather the afternoon of January 2, 1914. The citizens, prepared only for Miss Hobbs, paid scant attention to the seven men in civilian clothes who also got off the train.

Miss Hobbs was greeted jovially by the city officials. She noticed, with some misgiving, that most of the citizenry prominently displayed guns. Wasting no time, she walked to the dance hall where the meeting was to be held.

She went immediately to the platform, opened a brief case and took out some papers while the people of Copperfield crowded into every available seat. Few of them paid any attention to the three men who stood stiffly at the only entrance to the hall, blocking anyone from leaving.

Miss Hobbs was the center of attention and everyone was impatient to find out just how she was going to handle what, on the face of it, was a ridiculously one-sided situation.

She informed the meeting that Governor West desired the resignation of all city officials *at once*, and that she had prepared such resignations for their signatures. When the slips were passed out to the men in question, they were promptly handed back with a curt "No!"

The tension in the hall was high now. A wrong move could bring a showdown fight, resulting in bloodshed. Silence hung heavily over the crowded room as Miss Hobbs dug into her purse for a document.

She looked at Colonel B. K. Lawson, Commander of the Oregon National Guard who had accompanied her. The colonel was in civilian dress, as were the other National Guardsmen who were members of the party, but had not been recognized.

"Colonel Lawson, will you come forward and read this proclamation, please."

The colonel stepped forward, took the paper. In a clear, steady voice he read a proclamation signed by the governor putting Copperfield under martial law.

(Continued on page 36)

The cavalry couldn't corral him, and the buffalo hunters failed to cut him down, but young Frank Lockard wouldn't accept defeat. He wanted the fine black stallion, known on the Kansas prairie as the . . .

WILDEST OF THE WILD

By E. B. DYKES BEACHY

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

ONE SUMMER morning in 1878, Frank M. Lockard of Norton, Kansas, heard a rock roll from a rock precipice above him and looked up. What he saw was to occupy almost his entire attention for the next twenty months.

A magnificent stallion stood silhouetted against the blue sky. It was wild and when he focused his attention upon it, it turned and fled, followed by more than a dozen wild mares.

"Why," someone told him later, "that must have been Black Kettle. No one can catch him, not even the U. S. Cavalry which has tried it more than once."

"I'll catch him," Lockard said. "He's too beautiful to run wild."

He finally did, "but it was one hell of a struggle. I must have chased him 10,000 miles and worn out a dozen good horses in the process."

Near the west line of Logan County in June, 1867, Chief Black Kettle and a band of Cheyenne Indians swooped down on a wagontrain of Mormons who were traveling over the Smoky Hill trail to Salt Lake City with some Kentucky thoroughbred horses which they were taking west for breeding purposes. The stock stampeded and the Mormons were left with their loaded wagons but no horses to pull them.

Among the horses was a yearling colt that escaped the Indians and joined the wild horses on the prairies. The story was often told that no horse to compare with him had ever been seen in Kansas. The Plains Indians made many attempts to capture him but failed. From them, the white men at Fort Wallace heard the story and named the horse "Black Kettle."

His glossy coat was coal black but his chief distinctions were his long mane and heavy tail. More than a foot of his tail rested on the ground. When he stood erect his mane almost reached the ground but when in motion, with his head up, it lay along his back. The foretop reached below the end of his nose. When running he tossed his head continually to throw the foretop over his ears as it obstructed his vision.

Western Kansas was flat and unbroken and bands of wild horses could be seen at frequent intervals. But their senses were acute. When chased they would run in a circle but never leave the home range and its water hole. Black Kettle was unusually smart because he had been chased so often. When badly frightened he would run twenty miles in a straight line. He had two watering places twenty miles apart—the Wild Horse draw near the Smoky Hill River and a water hole on the head of Beaver Creek.

For ten years his range was in Sherman County where Goodland is now located. The old government road, known as the Custer Road, ran through the center of Black Kettle's range. It was much traveled by military authorities and was also used by buffalo hunters, who sold hides and bought supplies at Peter Robidoux's store near Fort Wallace. Black Kettle became known to hundreds of men—few traveled the old Custer Road without seeing him.

W. D. Street, an old plainsman and buffalo hunter, published a story about Black Kettle in 1878, inspiring many men to wander over the prairies trying to capture him. Captain Homer W. Wheeler of Fort Wallace used the U. S. Cavalry but Black Kettle escaped. Ames Cole, a buffalo hunter and plainsman, planned to "crease" Black Kettle, then hobble him before he woke up (a shot through the

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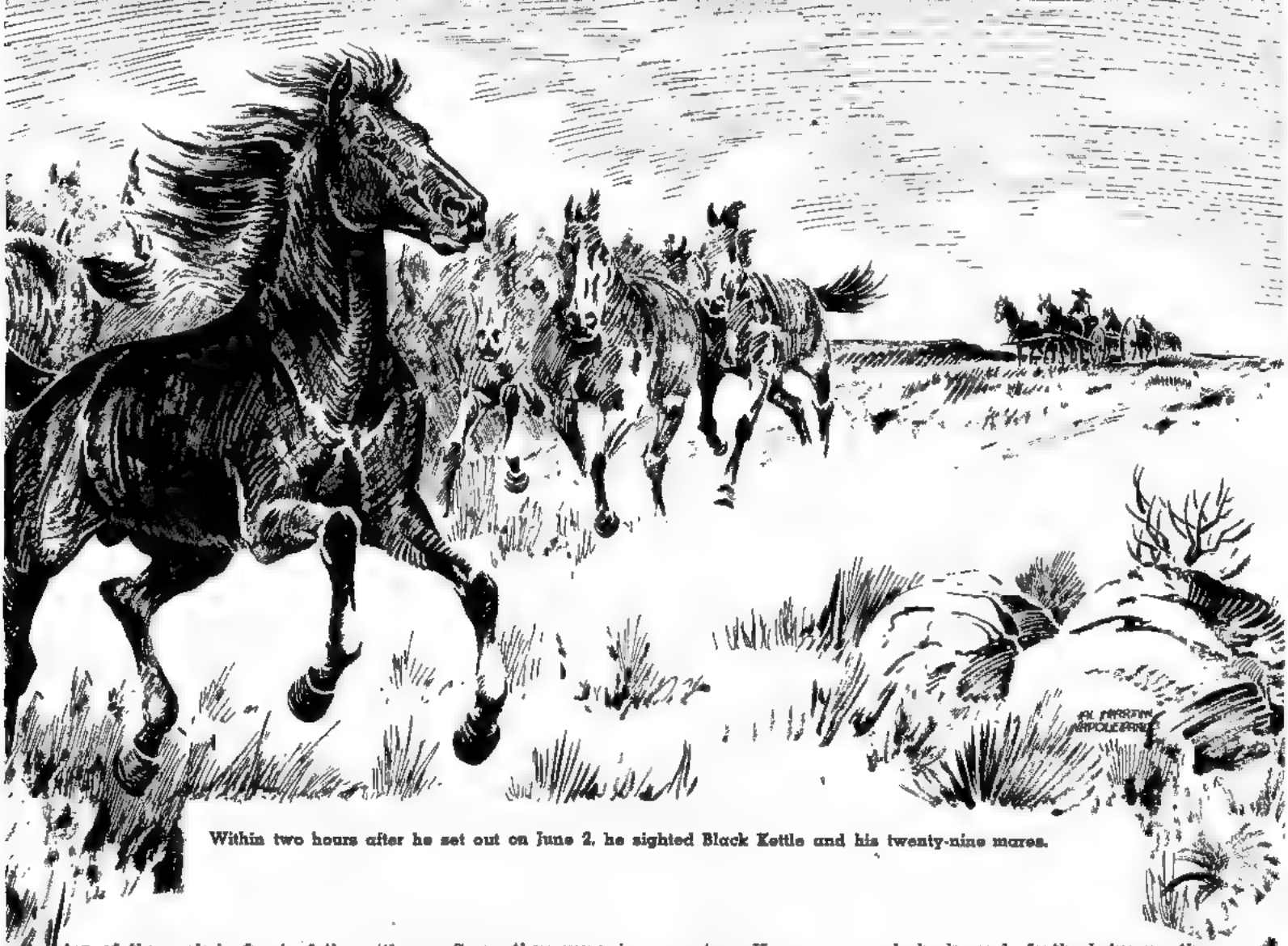

Within two hours after he set out on June 2, he sighted Black Kettle and his twenty-nine mares.

top of the neck in front of the withers would temporarily but not permanently injure a horse and was called a "creasing"). But Cole never got close enough to Black Kettle to crease him.

Young Lockard, a native of Cochocton, Ohio, had arrived in the prairie country when western Kansas was still the land of the buffalo and the wild horse. During 1878 and 1879 he and his partner, William Simpson, were buying and selling ponies at Wakeeney. Both were young and experienced in handling wild broncos so felt they would have no trouble capturing Black Kettle.

They returned to their homes in Norton late in the fall of 1879 and started after Black Kettle December 10th. They saw Black Kettle and chased him for several days. Finally, they realized that the horse had eluded them and they were lost on the prairies. With no way of telling directions they gave up the search and wandered over the prairie until they finally found their way back to Norton.

In January, 1880, they started on their second trip and met "Wild Horse" John who had run the black horse. He advised the young men to use a buckboard and not to attempt to run a wild horse until it was exhausted. The two men were in Black Kettle's range and they didn't have a buckboard. Laughing at "Wild Horse" John's free advice, they started out. Strong winds began to blow. The wind was followed by snow flurries. Soon, they were in a western Kansas blizzard. They gathered buffalo chips, wrapped themselves in saddle blankets and sat on the pile of fuel to keep it dry for future use. Drawing their saddles over their laps and feet they sat in the blizzard eating frozen biscuits. At daylight they built a fire but it lasted only a few minutes. With much difficulty they returned to their camp. After that harrowing experience they decided to go home until the weather was more settled.

PERSISTENCE and determination were a part of Frank Lockard's make-up. In May, 1880, he started out alone prepared for his third wild horse chase in search of Black Kettle. Taking the advice of "Wild Horse" John, he journeyed in a buckboard. He had three good driving teams, one saddle horse, a five-gallon jug of water for the horses, a gallon jug for himself, coffee, bacon, and corn.

He searched for days. Within two hours after he set out on June 2, he sighted Black Kettle and his twenty-nine mares. By that time Lockard had learned that speed was not necessary. The main thing was to keep a horse constantly moving so his feet would give out. For three days the herd kept running away but on the fourth day they were limping.

That night rain fell. The soft ground was easy on the feet of the wild horses and since there was plenty of water they moved back and forth between the Smoky and the Beaver. After a five-day chase the prairie dried up and the herd began to go lame again.

On June 31, the final chase began. Black Kettle's herd ran a couple of miles then slowed down to a trot and kept that up all day, moving in the familiar circle. Lockard kept pressing and finally, on July 3, he ran the horse into a corral on the Bar Lil Ranch. With Black Kettle, he corralled seventeen of his mares.

But Black Kettle was aged by then—almost thirteen, having spent his life on the wild range. He was relegated to a farm where he lived out his years, but he never lost his beauty. His tail and mane remained long until he died.

Mr. Lockard spent the rest of his life in Western Kansas. He married, and with his wife moved to a farm. Left a widower early in life, he alone reared his four sons—Claude W. Lockard of Charleston, South Carolina, the late Arthur Lockard of Des Moines, Iowa, Ray W. Lockard of Kansas City, Missouri, and Francis Dawes Lockard of Baldwin, Kansas.

All four boys were brought up on thrilling, exciting tales of the early days in Western Kansas, but the favorite with all of the family was the story of the final thirty-one-day chase that Frank M. Lockard made on his third attempt to catch the Kentucky thoroughbred.

Wild old Days!

Photos from Library,
State Historical Society of Colorado

STRANGE TREASURE

By NONO MINOR

ACCORDING to Indian legend, somewhere along the Little Big Horn River, in Montana, a treasure is buried. If found it would not be great in monetary value, but for the collector and those interested in American history it would be invaluable.

It is whispered that this strange treasure, known to only a few Indians, is a necklace, an ornament unlike any ever seen, for it is made of gold watches that belonged to the members of the Seventh Cavalry. Among them is the timepiece worn by Colonel George A. Custer.

As the legend is told, during the Moon of Making Fat (June 1876), many Sioux and their allies camped together in the shadow of the Little Big Horn Mountains, along the banks of the Greasy Grass River. Over 2,000 teepees were spread along the river between the bluffs. Counting women, children, elders and warriors the aggregation numbered almost 10,000.

The chiefs had chosen the camp site with care. The grass was rich, the water ran sweet, tipsinna (Indian turnips) grew on the hills, and buffaloes were plentiful in the valley.

There was much rejoicing in the camp, for Wakan-Tanka (the Great Spirit) had been kind to the Sioux. Only a few days before they had met and defeated General Crook and their ancient enemies, the Crow and the Shoshone on the Rosebud River. It was now the time for relating brave deeds. At this gathering there were no war dances.

The great medicine man, Chief Sitting Bull, had a vision in which he saw many bluecoats falling like grasshoppers, head down into the camp. It was a good omen.

The Sioux knew the paleface they called Long Hair was hunting for them. They had heard of his boast, but they knew their braves greatly outnumbered his men. Because of the good omen of Sitting Bull they were confident. The chiefs had decided, however, they would fight only if the soldiers attacked their villages.

The morning of June 25 the sun held a hint of burning hotness. Children played along the river; some of the women had gone to the hills to gather tipsinna to put in the steaming pots of buffalo stew cooking on the campfires. It was a peaceful morning and no one thought of battle.

SUDDENLY there was a shout of alarm. The bluecoats had been sighted riding toward their camp! Women ran in from the tipsinna patches to get their children and flee downriver. Horses were driven in as the warning was shouted from teepee to teepee. Nine braves who were mounted galloped toward the bluecoats who were nearing camp. As the braves approached, the soldiers dismounted. Now other warriors had crossed the river and attacked from the rear while some rode from the small ravines, blocking the bluecoats, forcing them into hand-to-hand combat.

The sun had gone hardly the length of a teepee pole when the battle near the camp was over. War whoops still filled the air and the ground was strewn with bluecoats, as the vision had foretold.

The battle we know to be fact, for it is recorded in history. But there is another tale told among the Indians which may be fact or fiction. According to it, the women and children returned to camp after the battle and went out to gather the shiny buttons from the blouses of the fallen soldiers.

One of the women, while searching, found a strange yellow disk that had a voice. She had never seen a watch before and believed it to be an omen of good luck. She searched other bodies and found more talking pieces. She took them and strung all of them together into a necklace.

That night, while all the camp was rejoicing, she showed her necklace to the chiefs. They were impressed, believing it must contain great medicine. The young braves believed such great medicine should belong to warriors and not to women. The necklace was passed around and admired. Suddenly the brave holding the necklace gave a shrill cry and threw the ornament to the ground. While inspecting it, the back of one of the watches had fallen open. In it was a picture of a young woman. The Indians had never seen a snapshot and were frightened; they believed the photograph was a spirit-protector of some soldier who had been killed in the battle and would take vengeance on his slayer.

Not wishing to anger Wakan-Tanka—and for the safety of the tribe—it was necessary to dispose of the apparition immediately. The only way to do this was to bury the necklace and rid the spirit of its avenging power. This was done while tom-toms throbbed. As added protection from retaliation, prayers were chanted to Wakan-Tanka, imploring him to remove any curse made by the spirit.

No one since has found the burial place of this strange treasure, and those who knew of its location have long since traveled the spirit road. Thus the strange treasure has become a legend.

HULDAH'S HAT

By MARJERIE LLOYD

HIGH UP in the Rocky Mountains of southwestern Colorado nestles the small town of Lake City, county seat of Hinsdale County. Years ago it was supported by gold mining and supplying the needs of a garrison of soldiers stationed there. It is now a quiet, picturesque little village, attractive as a vacation spot for tourists and fisherman during the summer, but desolate and forbidding during the storms and blizzards of winter.

Picture then, this busy little mining camp in an early morning of the summer of 1880 as the stagecoach—the only regular connection with the outside world

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The old Denver, Colorado, post office in the 1880's.

—stood ready for the weekly trip to Pueblo and Denver.

On this particular morning there were several male passengers and one woman. She was a pretty young Swedish girl, called Huldah. Among the men were two who were especially noticeable. One was a handsome young fellow, whom all the passengers seemed to know, named Jack, and an older man, quiet and reserved, who appeared from his clothing and grooming to be a man of means. He was called Mr. Bennett.

Promptly at six o'clock the driver yelled, "All aboard!" and climbed to his seat on the top of the coach. The long whip cracked and the coach lurched forward.

The bright blue of the skies and the deeper blue of the lake and distant snow-capped mountains gave a view which was breathtaking. The air was crisp and exhilarating and the journey promised to be a pleasant one. But traveling by coach had its disadvantages. The roads were rough and tortuous and the horses tired quickly. After traveling for several miles, the driver drew rein at the bottom of a steep hill and requested the passengers to alight and walk to the summit in order to rest the horses.

A sudden gust of wind lifted Huldah's hat from her head and sent it whirling high in the air, finally lodging it on a rocky crag far out of reach.

"Oh, my hat, my hat," wailed Huldah, running after it. "Please, please, somebodys get my hat!"

The men tried to console the girl and even promised to buy her a new hat when they reached the city. They told her no one could possibly get her hat down from that pinnacle. But Huldah would not be dissuaded.

"I need my hat. Inside is money—lots money, one-t'ousand dollars I sew in lining. Save liddle at time, wash clothes for soldiers at fort. My swedheart, Eric, come from ol' country, meet me in Denver, we marry." By now, Huldah was crying hysterically.

After much hesitation, Jack volunteered to attempt to retrieve the hat. At great risk to his life, he inched his way along the face of the wall of rock and, by using the driver's long-handled whip, succeeded in dislodging the hat. Huldah wept with joy when he finally crawled back to safety and returned her precious headgear.

At the crest of the hill, the passengers re-entered the coach and the journey continued. Toward dusk, as the road led through a narrow gorge, the lead horses reared and plunged. A masked highwayman on horseback had seized the reins at the horses' heads and two other men, also masked, rode to the coach shouting, "Hands up!" At gun point, they forced the driver and passengers to dismount, line up and be searched. Not satisfied with the amount of loot obtained, they threatened to break open the government strongbox, containing the mail and other valuables. Evidently the marauders would have preferred not to do this, fearing the consequences if caught tampering with the United States Mail.

"That girl there has $1,000 sewed in her hat!" cried Bennett.

Quickly the bandits grabbed Huldah's hat and, after assuring themselves that the hat really contained the money, made their escape.

With the noise of the fleeing outlaws' horses still sounding in the distance, the fury of enraged men turned on the traitor. He found himself surrounded by an angry mob crying, "Get a rope; let's string him up!"

Half-paralyzed with fear, Bennett pleaded for his life. He promised he would repay the girl every cent of her money when they reached Denver, if only they would spare his life.

After many protests and arguments the majority voted to give the culprit a chance to make good his promise. Huldah, too, interceded in his behalf, crying out, "No, no, don't kill him!" Fearing Bennett might try to escape, the men took turns, two at a time, guarding their prisoner.

At Pueblo some of the passengers entrained for cities in the east, but not before being assured by the others that Bennett would be kept under constant surveillance. This reduced the number of men available as guards, but their vigilance never wavered.

Arriving in Denver toward evening, the passengers took accommodations for the night at one of the hotels. Bennett was obliged to share his room with one of the guards, while two others stood watch all night in the hall outside his door.

The stagecoach driver delivered the government strongbox, unmolested, to the post office authorities.

The next morning, Bennett, still accompanied by his guards, visited the

(Continued on page 55)

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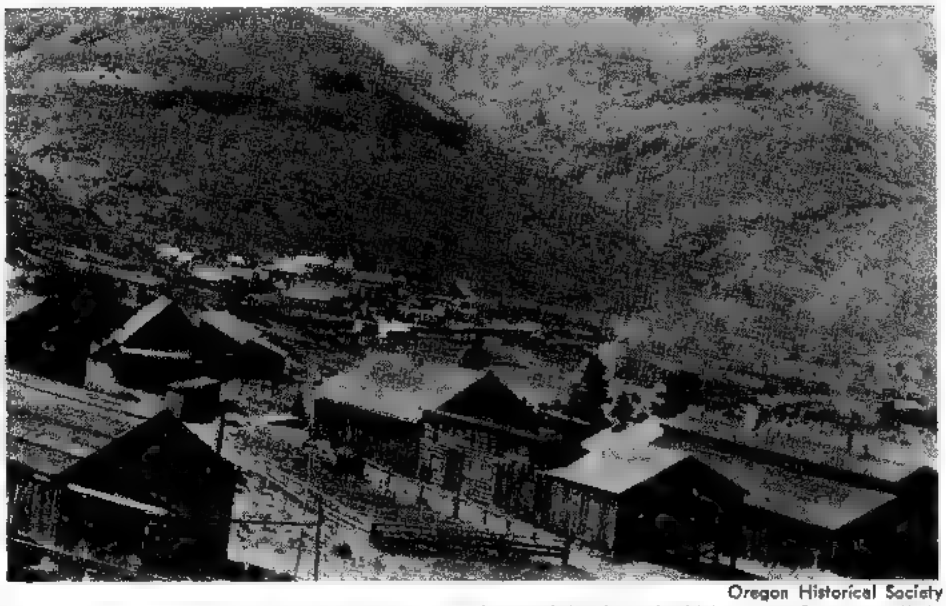


Oregon Historical Society
by permission from the Idaho Power Company Bulletin
Copperfield, Oregon, during its heyday.

The Humiliating Demise of Hell-Raising Copperfield

(Continued from page 31)

He also informed Mayor Stewart and the members of the council that they were under arrest for violation of state gambling laws.

"And now, Mayor Stewart and councilmen, you are under arrest. The rest of you will disperse in an orderly manner!"

IT HAD happened so fast no one believed it. It was incredible. As the townspeople rose to go, Lawson spoke again.

Oregon Historical Society
Governor Oswald West

"Attention! As you leave you will turn your revolvers and all other weapons in to my men at the door!"

Revolvers and knives came out of their holsters and were meekly passed over to the Guardsmen. There were 170 guns turned in without an objection from anyone.

The residents were in for an even greater shock as they came out of the hall. The other four Guardsmen had been busy, and every saloon and gambling house in town was off limits. Big signs reading DO NOT ENTER were tacked across every door.

That was the end of Miss Hobbs' brief reign, but, as one citizen put it, "She was the skirt that hogtied and gagged a tough town." She returned to Salem on the next train, having spent less than two hours in Copperfield.

Colonel Lawson remained to supervise the clean-up. All liquor and gambling equipment was rounded up and loaded onto a boxcar, shipped to Baker and impounded under a state seal. Guardsmen stayed on at night until a provisional government headed by a local carpenter was formed.

It was the beginning of the end for Copperfield. Miss Hobbs' raid had taken all the spirit out of the place. The hoots of derision and ridicule which arose in the press all over the country were more than its citizens could bear.

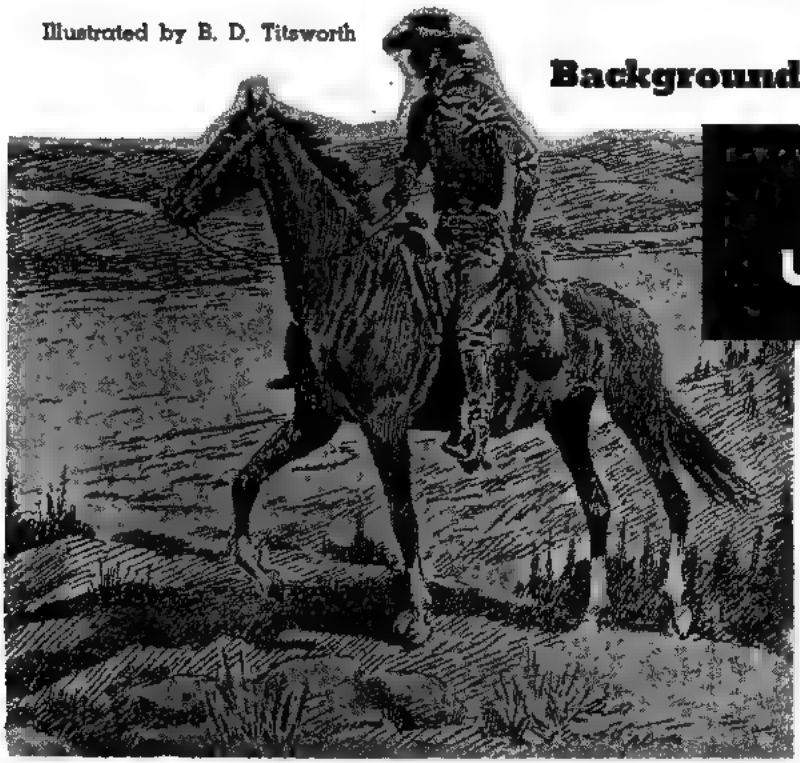
They slowly drifted from the town and a few months later, a fire wiped out a major portion of the already crumbling buildings. Wind and rain did the rest, and soon sagebrush and sand were the only residents of the once ribald settlement.

Miss Hobbs eventually went overseas with the Red Cross in World War I, a part of her life she considered much more important than her flirtation with fame at Copperfield.

Oregon Historical Society
Fern Hobbs

First in a series—

Illustrated by B. D. Titsworth



Backgrounds of Famous Western Badmen

JESSE JAMES

By JUDGE R. LEE STEWART

MUCH HAS been written of the lives of the James Brothers, but very little has been said of their background, from whence they came and their immediate ancestors.

In 1782 Richard Cole, Sr. came from Pennsylvania, where he was born in 1729, and located on land between Sodom and Midway, Kentucky, on the old Leestown trail. He was a properous farmer, and here he errected a large log building that housed his family and was used as a tavern to accommodate the traveling public. This road, at that early date, was the main thoroughfare from Maysville and Lexington to Frankfort and Louisville. It was used by a stage line.

Such men as Henry Clay and John J. Crittenden often stopped at Cole's place for rest and refreshments on travels through central Kentucky in behalf of clients and in the promotion of their political interests. The vicinity was known as "Sodom," the reason for which I cannot give unless that it was a rendezvous for politicians of Woodford and surrounding counties. At that time, Midway was not on the map and all gatherings of the clans in that end of the country were held either at Cole's Tavern or Offutt's Crossroads, two miles south on the Frankfort road, known today as Nugent's Crossroads.

Jesse James

After the death of Richard Cole, Sr., Richard Cole Jr., came to Kentucky in 1810. He was born in Pennsylvania, in 1763, reported ten in the family and had three slaves to his credit. He died in Woodford County in 1839, one of the county's wealthiest men. His wife was Sally Yates, who was born in Pennsylvania in 1765 and died in Woodford County in 1836.

Richard Cole Jr., had four daughters among other children. His daughter, Zerelda Cole, married Robert James, who was a Baptist preacher of wide renown in the early days of Western Missouri. He was born and reared in Kentucky and was a graduate of Georgetown College. His family was one of the oldest of Logan County, Kentucky. He married Zerelda Cole one year before he graduated. He was twenty-three years old and she was seventeen. Zerelda Cole's people at that time lived in Lexington, and she was educated in a Catholic convent in that city. The Cole family was of old Revolutionary stock. Richard Cole, Sr., was a soldier in the war of the Revolution, and his wife, Anne Hubbard, was a Lindsay of the famous Lindsay family of Kentucky.

ROBERT JAMES and Zerelda Cole, were married Dec. 28, 1811. The following August, they went to Clay County, Missouri, to visit the mother of Mr. James, who had just married for a second time. Robert James left his wife in Missouri and returned to Kentucky. He was to have returned the next Christmas, but the Missouri River was frozen and he postponed his return trip until spring. Mr. James liked Clay County, and remained there, settling near Kearny. He combined farming with preaching and was successful at both. He acquired a large and valuable farm and from products of his farm supported his family. He never asked money for preaching and the good farmers to whom he broke the bread of life gave him very little. He was a great exhorter and a fervent expounder of the gospel. He founded the Baptist Church at New Hope and at Providence, which are still in existence. He was a fine revivalist and he baptized many of the old settlers of Clay County. After many of his revivals, he was seen to go into the water and baptize sixty converts at one time.

JESSE JAMES, his son, was four months old at this time and was held up in his mother's arms to see the ceremony. Years afterwards Jesse James returned desperately wounded from the border wars, and was baptized not far from the same place. In 1851 the Rev. Robert James went to California. The day he started, Jesse James was four years old, clinging to his father. He cried and pleaded with him not to go away. This affected Mr. James very much and he told his wife that if he already had not spent so much money in outfitting for the trip and had not promised the other men who were going with him, he would give up the trip.

It was the great desire to get money to educate his children that led him to undertake the journey to the goldfields of California. His wife had a premonition she would never see him again and she never did. The overland trip from Clay County to California lasted from April 12 to August 1. He lived only eighteen days after reaching California and was buried there. He had preached eight years and had received less than $100 for his services. He was a good Christian and a noble man.

The children of Robert James and his wife were Franklin, born in 1843; Robert E., born in 1845; Jesse W., born Sept. 5, 1847, died April 3rd, 1882; and Susan L., born in 1849.

Mrs. James remained a widow for four years and in 1855 married Dr. Reuben Samuels. The children by the second marriage were Sarah L., born in 1858; John T., born in 1861; Fannie Quantrell was born in 1863; and Archie Peyton was born in 1866, slain by Pinkerton detectives in 1875 at the age of nine years. Mrs. James had eight children, two of whom were killed.

In 1907 Frank James, who was from Harrodsburg, was elected State Auditor and served four years.

From the foregoing it will be seen that Jesse James came from a prominent family of good, pioneer stock. Perhaps his father's trip to California was the beginning of his life of crime which brought him world-wide notoriety as the greatest train robber of all time.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

Jesus Silva. According to him, the Kid was at the house of Saval Gutierrez. The coffin was made by Domingo Lubacher and the grave was dug by Francisco Medina.

The TRUE WEST article identifies the man on the left as Ygenio (Hijinio) Salazar, but I don't think this is correct. Burns interviewed Salazar prior to 1925 when Salazar was around seventy years old. Thus he would have been around thirty at the time of the Kid's death. The man in the picture is older than this.

Pat Garrett did not creep into Maxwell's bedroom with his shoes off to ambush the Kid. He went there searching for information and as he sat talking with Maxwell, he little dreamed the Kid would walk in there.

Billy the Kid was armed that night—in fact, he "threw down" on deputies Poe and McKinney on the porch before entering Maxwell's room.

McCarty quotes the grocer Penfield as saying they figure the Kid killed five men. At best they left out Brady. This is the killing for which he was sentenced to hang in the first place.

The attitudes of Penfield and Sullivan at the "Billy the Kid Curio Shop" are about typical of the people at all the historical spots now. Most of them are only interested in making a fast buck and they take advantage of the honest history-seeker along with the rest of the suckers. You find this all over the West—at Virginia City, at Rhyolite, Nevada and Tombstone, Arizona, in fact at nearly every historical spot that is being commercialized. They'll give you a story all right, and if they don't know all the facts they'll be glad to make up their own. If it doesn't tally with a first person interview of twenty-five or more years ago it's put down as "exaggeration." I wonder what McCarty asked Penfield to terminate their interview so fast. It's conversational suicide to mention a fact to these on-the-spot "experts" if it is the slightest bit different from the tale they happen to be telling.

I can understand the attitude of George Coe's grandson. He doesn't know anything about the Kid that hasn't already been written dozens of times. He just doesn't want to be bothered, but that's all right as he isn't trying to capitalize on the memory of Billy the Kid.

Frank Coe's grandson, unless misquoted by McCarty, strayed slightly in his statements, but the events in question happened so long ago that we can never find all the true facts or know for an absolute certainty which version is correct. That is why I believe Burns and not the modern writers. Burns had eye witnesses, which can be wrong, but modern writers have documents which can be wrong, prejudiced and downright false.

Getting back to the picture McCarty "discovered"—doesn't it seem odd that this picture, if genuine, remained hidden all these years, to be found by McCarty when he was looking for just that very thing?—Ross Walton, General Delivery, Sierra Vista, Arizona.

Dear Mr. Small:

"Billy the Kid's Funeral?" by the late Lea McCarty is an interesting contribution to the subject. Some details may be open to question: the person marking the "X" on the Maxwell house picture wasn't too accurate; all the evidence I've seen places Pete Maxwell's bedroom in the northeast corner of the building—the corner nearest the camera when this photograph was taken.

Identification of the men in the funeral picture varies from that of Maurice Garland Fulton whose research was done in the 1920's. When Colonel Fulton showed me this picture many years ago he identified the men (left to right) as W. C. Foor, Jesus Silva, Señor Lovata, and John Poe. Fulton, by the way, questioned whether the picture was made at the time of Billy the Kid's funeral; if I remember correctly, his information came from Charlie Foor.—R. N. Mullin, 1000 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago 11, Illinois.

Dear Joe:

A friend in Ruidoso, New Mexico, has sent me a copy of your November-December issue. I regret that you wasted a great deal of space and type on a false story.

The reader is shown a picture of four men who allegedly attended Billy the Kid's funeral, each of whom is evidently between sixty and seventy years of age. These are identified as Miguel Otero, his brother, Jesus Silva, and Hijinio Salazar.

Miguel Otero was born in 1859; he was, then, twenty-two years of age when the Kid was buried.

I am not sure of the age of his brother, but believe he was only two or three years older than Miguel—say twenty-four or twenty-five—when the picture was allegedly taken.

I know nothing of Silva although the man in the photograph certainly does resemble the picture of Silva which appears in *The Real Billy the Kid* (by Miguel Otero). I am not clear as to the year in which Otero interviewed Silva—say about 1930.

I am not familiar with the appearance of the men in question, other than Silva. Perhaps some of your other readers can say whether the man identified as Miguel Otero is actually he. If so, I suggest the possibility that the picture was taken during the period Otero was collecting material for his book. That would make Salazar sixty-seven and Otero seventy-one, which fits in very well with their appearance in the picture.—Phil Rasch, 1839 West Fifth Street, San Pedro, California.

Dear Sirs:

The picture of the four men at Billy the Kid's funeral may have been taken at the funeral, but it is not of the four men identified in the story . . .

The third man, identified as a brother of former Territorial Governor Miguel Otero, would be Page Otero, but this middle-aged man with the receding hair line is not him. Page Otero was born January 14, 1858, and was therefore just a young man of twenty-three at the time.

The photograph could have been taken at the funeral, because this last man does bear a resemblance to Milnor Rudulph, who was foreman of the coroner's jury which held the inquest over the body of Billy the Kid on July 15, 1881.—F. Alpers, Cimarron, New Mexico.

Dear Sirs:

Of the four men in the picture only one was identified correctly. The others are misnamed. The men are, from left to right, Charlie Foor, Jesus Silva, Vincente Otero, and A. P. Anaya.

There was a governor of New Mexico named Otero, but it was not the man shown in the picture. The man in the picture couldn't write and could barely read.—Paul Spitz, Route 1, Box 159, Ft. Sumner, New Mexico.

Editor's Note: We thank all you readers who wrote in concerning the photograph of Billy the Kid's funeral. Unfortunately Lea McCarty—who was one of the very fine researchers of western lore and one of the finest contemporary western artists—died before we were able to get this story in print. Like all historians whose enthusiasm prompts them toward worthwhile activity, author-artist McCarty was in a position to be "taken in." This is always the difficulty in dealing with primary sources—one false lead can carry the historian into a quagmire. Unfortunately, because of Lea's untimely passing, we'll never know. And, just as unfortunately, we could not find anyone who would disagree with his findings until after the story was published. This leaves us with one resolution—we'll hold a story forty years (even if it is on our own grandmother and written by our grandpa) until it is researched by every available authority!

We recently have begun to enlarge our scope, and have recruited well-known authorities on all aspects of the Old West to assist us in testing the validity of the stories we print. We expect soon to have a board of research experts whose knowledge and experience covers every single facet of western life and history.

Here at TRUE WEST we do everything in a big way—even when making mistakes!

Stagecoach Robbery, 1915

Dear Sirs:

Your answer to C. Niles' question "When was the last stagecoach robbery in the West?" in the December issue of TRUE WEST was July 20, 1914. It should have been July 9, 1915.

This was the date of the fifth and last stagecoach robbery holdup within the boundaries of Yellowstone Park. It took place about a mile south of Madison Junction. About ten a.m. there was a string of coaches on the road over ten miles long. The robber let the first coach pass but held up the next five, before he got spooked and quit the scene, only grabbing some $200. This road agent was unmasked and, although a number of suspects were rounded up, no one ever identified him.

It so happens I was driving a stagecoach at that time for the Yellowstone-Western, but was not in the immediate area on that day, as our string was a day ahead of the stages that were held up.

I would also like to remark on the question and answer on the same page: "When and how did California Joe get killed?"

Yes, it is certainly true that Newcomb shot California Joe, according to the tales of the old-timers that I have known and talked to. But as near as I can remember, the shooting took place in Deadwood. However, Tom Newcomb lived in Gardiner, Montana, for many years and I knew him personally for some thirty years there. He had a small pack outfit and guided hunting and fishing parties in the summer, and in the winter he could be found around a gambling table in one of the many saloons in Gardiner. I believe Tom died in the early 40's in Gardiner.—Gay Randall, Clarkston, Washington.

Betzinez

Gentlemen,

Finding TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES on the newsstands was like finding a quartz ledge brimful of gold after decades of fruitless prospecting.

The 100-year-old Apache warrior who fought with Geronimo, Jason Nori Betzinez, was critically injured several days ago when his car collided with another near Apache, Oklahoma. Four years ago, a restriction was placed on Betzinez' driver's license. He was ordered to wear glasses and to drive only in the daytime. Highway patrolmen said he was wearing his glasses when the head-on collision occurred.

Betzinez, who a year ago wrote a book *I Fought with Geronimo*, was born in 1860 near the town of Monticello, New Mexico. He became a full-fledged Apache warrior in 1880.

After an attack by Mexicans on the tribe at Monticello, New Mexico, Geronimo took charge and the tribe fled into the mountains. A three-day battle followed with the loss of three Apaches and about 100 Mexicans. Mr. Betzinez has always maintained that stories

"I'm on the editorial staff of TRUE WEST —the costume isn't entirely authentic."

of the Apache raids on whites in New Mexico and Arizona are wrong. His view is that Mexicans, posing as Apaches, did the killing and torturing attributed to the Apaches. When Geronimo surrendered in 1886, Betzinez was taken as a prisoner-of-war with the rest of the band to Florida. He was chosen to go to the new Carlisle Indian school in Pennsylvania and in 1900 returned as a prisoner-of-war to join his mother and the other Apaches who had been removed from Florida to Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

In 1919 he married a traveling nurse working among the Apaches for the Dutch Reformed Church. After his marriage Betzinez settled on a farm about four miles south of Apache, Oklahoma, and has lived there ever since.—Claude H. Heyer, Field Secretary, Association on American Indian Affairs, Inc., 475 Riverside Drive, New York 27, New York.

Editor's Note: We regret to say that Jason Betzinez died of the injuries sustained in this auto wreck. He was buried at Lawton, Oklahoma: a squad of Indian soldiers from Fort Sill conducted the military graveside rites. He was buried beside his wife, Anna, who died earlier last year. The grave of Geronimo is nearby in the Apache cemetery on the Fort Sill reservation.

Magazine-Huntin'

Dear Joe,

Well, by golly, I went down to the newsstand in July looking for the latest TRUE WEST and I couldn't find it. You just don't know how frightening that can be. I looked all over town and not one TRUE WEST could be found. I was sick, almost. Had planned a trip to Raton, New Mexico, and I searched all the way from here to there. Finally I found one in Raton and you know what? There wasn't one for that month, but the issue before. Anyway, I had already bought it, read it and filed it away. So I figured I wasn't going through that again. I'll do without cigarettes to send money for a subscription to TW and FT. This just goes to show you how far some of your readers go to get these doggone magazines.

Well, Joe, I wanted to write and let you know how much those magazines mean to this household. I go down and buy them, bring them back home and darned if Dad and Mamma don't read them front-to-back before I can get my hands on them. We really enjoy them. Then I pass them on to my uncle and he reads them, then gives them to my cousin who reads them, then I get them back and file them away.—Serene Moore, 721 Oak Street, Clovis, New Mexico.

Harmless White Lies

Mr. Editor:

It is believed by many persons that, contrary to legend, the Lost San Saba Mine, said to be near the town of Menard, in Menard County, Texas, never existed.

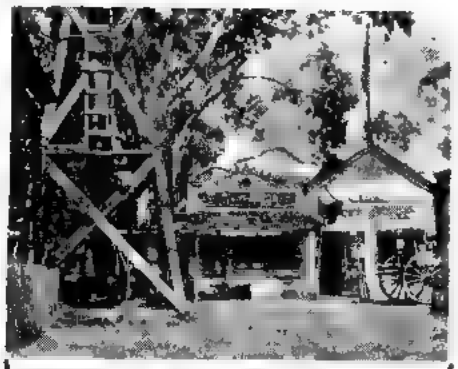
My father was a pioneer school teacher in that district seventy years ago, when I was seven years of age. Menard was a mission location, but the legend about the gold mined there was perhaps created by the active imaginations of persons who knew of gold and/or concentrated ore temporarily stored there by mule trains transporting it from the Spanish Queen or other mines in the northern part of New Mexico and the southeast corner of Colorado. One route traveled was via Santa Fe and El Paso to Mexico City. Another was via Menard, between the mines and San Antonio.

These routes were on either side of the Pecos country where water was very scarce and where Comanche Indians hunted. Opinions of many residents of Menard about the legendary mine would need censoring somewhat before quoting in print.

Many lost-mine stories were fabricated by vivid imaginations for the entertainment of friends or to encourage an enemy to go searching for the mines. They are only harmless white lies. (A black lie is injurious or damaging and is recorded Upstairs.)

A story by Tom Bailey in True West debunks several legends about lost mines. That jasper certainly can hook up a team of words to pull a reader's interest. I intend to go hunt M. F. Rose's Lost Six Shooter Mine (gold) next spring. I might not return. If not, I have my passport to where the streets are paved with that stuff. No mining is permitted inside the city limits.—D. B. Hamilton, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Editor's Note: Good Luck!



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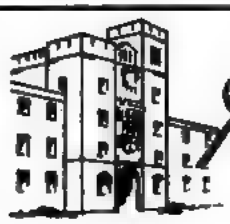

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The Assassination of Pat Garrett

(Continued from page 17)

ranch and you can't sell it."

Garrett replied either that he had not leased it to him or that it was subject to sale. They talked along rather heatedly for a while and then Garrett reached for the shotgun and said, "If I can't get you off of it one way, I will another." Brazel, instead of reaching for his Winchester, pulled a six-shooter and shot Garrett twice.

Adamson said that at the exact time that this occurred, he had asked Garrett to stop and let him get out for a minute. He further stated that he was several feet away at the rear of the buckboard and off to the side of the road at the actual time the killing occurred. The reaching for the shotgun and the remark that Garrett made was not stated by Adamson but was stated by Brazel at his trial.

While Fred Fornoff and Adamson were talking (we had stopped our buckboard at the same place where he said Garrett had stopped), I walked back some thirty or forty feet to where Adamson said he had stood and at that place I happened to spy a new Winchester rifle shell on the ground.

James Madison Harvey

Garrett was shot in the back of the head and once in the front of his body. The place where I was told that he was found was not in his buckboard but on the side of the road. In this particular locality on the south side of the road there are high sand hills and on the north side the black brush was pretty thick.

A few days later I heard Brazel's story about this and the whole thing looked suspicious to me—Garrett being found not in the buckboard but on the side of the road. The finding of the shell also was a strange development. Brazel had never been considered a dangerous man. A number of other things aroused my suspicions.

We returned to Santa Fe that night and the next day I told Captain Fornoff that there was something wrong about the story. He said he thought so too, but that we had no money to try to find out anything.

A MONTH OR so later I had business in El Paso, where Garrett had spent

a good deal of time, and found out who some of his friends were. One was Tom Powers, who was the owner of the Coney Island Saloon and pretty well-to-do; another was a Dr. Culinan. I took a personal interest in this matter because Garrett had been a friend of my father and if he had been murdered I thought the guilty parties should be prosecuted.

I told these two friends about my suspicions and told them that if we had the money to put a detective in that country for a few months, under cover, that it would be revealed whether my suspicions were well founded, but they did not seem to want to put up any money.

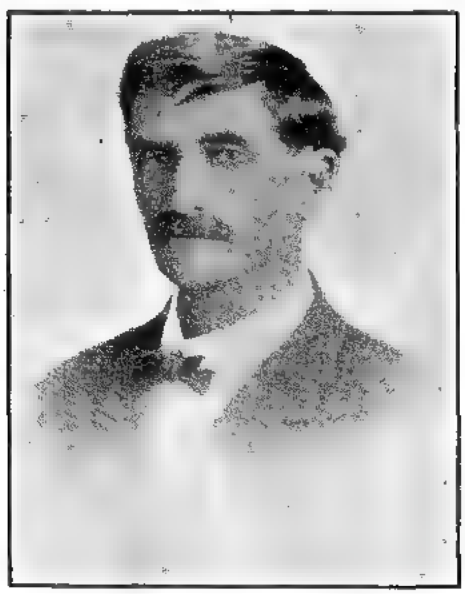
I came to Lincoln in 1886—a small boy with my father—and to Roswell in 1887. I knew, by reputation at least, a man in White Oaks who afterward became prominent as a writer. He had moved to Chicago. His name was Emerson Hough. While he was in White Oaks he wrote *Heart's Desire* and afterwards *The Covered Wagon* and a series of stories in the *Saturday Evening Post* called *The Wasteful West*. I knew that he was friendly with Garrett because Garrett had obtained for him the material for *The Wasteful West* stories.

I went to Chicago some six or eight months after Garrett's death and contacted Hough and told him this entire story and asked him if he, alone or with some other friends, would make up a thousand dollars or so to try to find out who killed Garrett, but he said Garrett owed him considerable money and that he was pretty pushed for money anyway and he couldn't do it.

Then he made this remark: "Jimmie, I know that outfit around the Organ Mountains and Garrett got killed for trying to find out who killed Fountain and you will get killed trying to find out who killed Garrett. I would advise you to let it alone."

After this admonition, I decided not to be so active but I never lost interest in trying to find out whether my suspicions were well founded.

After my return from El Paso, I told Captain Fornoff that he had an expense account and that he might try to get up some kind of business in El Paso and see what he could find out. There were a bunch of tough characters still around



Ed Bartholomew

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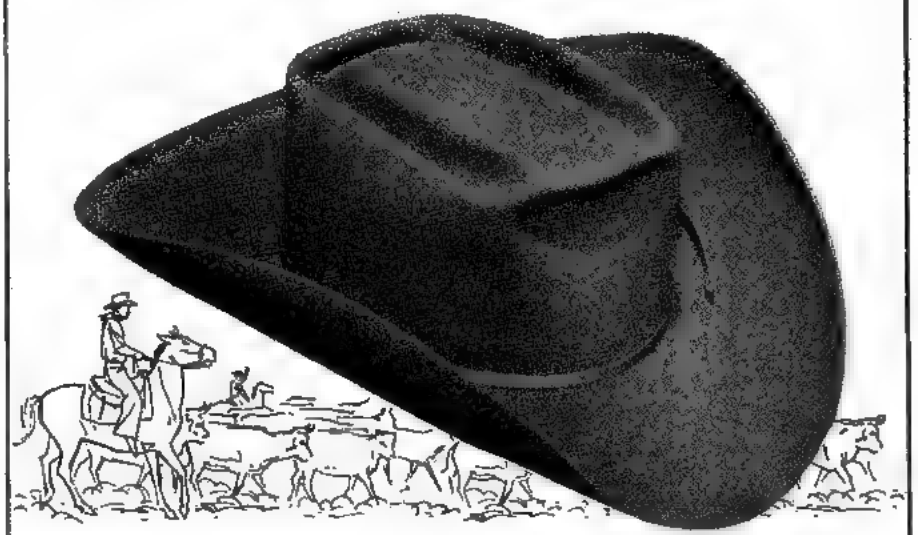

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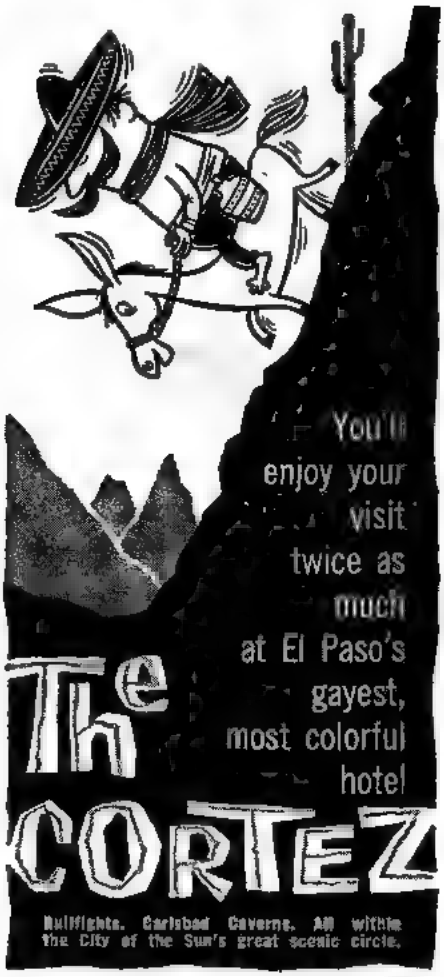

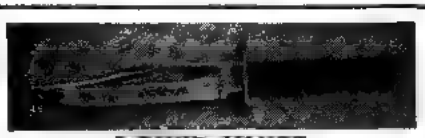

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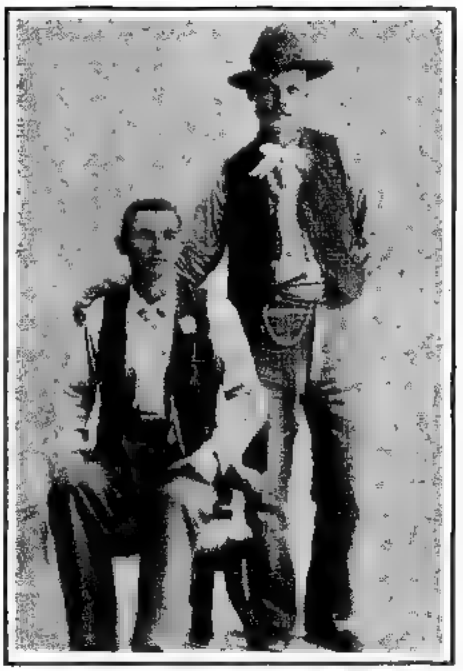
El Paso, not the least of whom was Tom Powers himself. Another was Manning Clements, the brother-in-law of Carl Adamson, the sole witness in the killing.

Fornoff made the trip to El Paso and came back and said he had made a real discovery but he did not know whether he would ever be able to prove it.

To understand this discovery, I must introduce Jim Miller. Jim Miller was a notorious cold-blooded assassin from Texas. It had been pretty well known that he had on several occasions murdered people for pay. He started his career by killing the sheriff of Reeves County, Texas.

Fornoff had learned that a wealthy ranchman near El Paso had hired Miller to kill Garrett, whom the rancher despised, and had paid Miller $1,500 to do the job. The money had been handed over to Miller in the office of some lawyer in El Paso by Manning Clements. Part of the deal was that the ranchman would furnish a man who would say he killed Garrett in self-defense, and the rancher



Ed Bartholomew

Burt Alvord (standing) and Billie Hildreth. The photograph was taken in Tombstone, Arizona, where Alvord was a deputy sheriff.

was also to furnish one witness who would corroborate the statement.

The trouble was that Fornoff had no proof. Brazel was the man who was to say he killed Garrett in self-defense with Adamson, Manning Clements' brother-in-law, as the witness.

I WAS prosecuting attorney of the Fifth Judicial District from 1903 to 1907. Roosevelt County had then just been created. There was a notorious character, Joe Beasley, who was always getting into small difficulties in court—gambling without a license, selling liquor to minors, and other small offenses. He was always turning up as a witness for defendants in criminal cases.

Jim Miller had been in Portales the year before and had defrauded a man out of several thousand sheep. I knew that Beasley knew all about this deal and knew Miller, and that he might know something about Garrett's death.

I sent a man that Beasley would trust to talk to him and he revealed the entire story. Beasley said that Miller came through Portales early in the morning before this killing and said he wanted a horse, that he was going to make a long ride to Las Cruces and bump off Garrett and that he must get to Fort Worth as soon as possible to have an alibi.

Beasley further reported that Miller said that when he got to Fort Worth he would send this Portales fellow a telegram so a record would be made and he could say he was in Fort Worth at this time. Miller confirmed the story that the ranchman referred to employed him to do this and was to furnish the witness and the party who would claim that he killed Garrett in self-defense.

This story must be true because it corroborates not only what Fornoff found out in El Paso but it also corroborates the general circumstances of the case as above related: the suspicion that Garrett was shot in the back of the head, the killing occurred at a place where a man could easily hide and do the shooting; the finding of the Winchester shell some fifty feet off the road; and the unlikelihood that Brazel would have killed Garrett or that Garrett would make such a fool play.

In my own mind I am satisfied that the above is the way Garrett met his death and that it grew out of his constant desire to find out who killed Fountain.

Nearly everybody connected with the case is now (in 1953) dead. Brazel, a big strapping fellow, died suddenly of a heart attack. The ranchman died recently. Adamson died of typhoid fever. Somebody killed Manning Clements in El Paso, and Miller was hanged in Oklahoma by a mob for murdering a former United States marshal.

Henry Comstock—Monumental Liar!

(Continued from page 15)

O'RILEY and McLaughlin took their beating philosophically. They realized soon enough that Comstock had run a sandy on them, for he had no more legal right to the land than anyone else. He had simply happened along on his mule at the right time to witness the historic event, and had cut himself in. But it was too late to do anything about it and the pair went on digging, piling up the silver ore that staggered the imagination. Virginia City became a boom town overnight.

Comstock stood around most of the time, letting his partners do all the work. He was fond of having himself pointed out as the discoverer, though when he acknowledged these honors he made sure that O'Riley and McLaughlin were not listening. He would say, "Don't talk so loud. My partners are jealous because I found the lode."

One day a Mormon with several wives wandered onto the scene. Comstock fixed his eyes on one of the young wives and said to O'Riley, "She's for me and I'm going to have her."

When the Mormon applied for a job, that was Comstock's cue. "I'll give you a job and $100 for that youngest wife of yours."

The Mormon refused.

"You can have but one wife here," Comstock reminded him. "You'd better get rid of her while you can."

After thinking it over, the man said it was a deal.

Comstock took the woman to Carson City where a Protestant minister ignored the Mormon laws and married them. At

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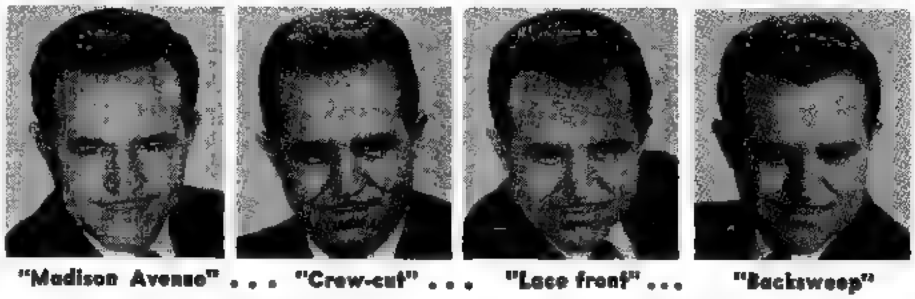

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the end of three days, Comstock was called to San Francisco on business. The trip would be difficult and tiresome, his bride pointed out, and she would rather wait for him in Carson City.

Comstock had seen his bride making eyes at a young gambler and was distrustful. "You behave yourself while I'm away," he said.

A week later when he was returning from San Francisco, he heard at the stage stop in Placerville that his bride had eloped with the young gambler and was at that moment in hiding with him at a local hotel.

Barging into the room with drawn revolver, Comstock threatened to shoot the gambler if he did not heed his warning to leave town. The gambler left.

Mrs. Comstock (there was already some question about the legality of their marriage) said she was genuinely sorry and would make amends. Comstock rushed out to buy liquor for a party and invited several friends back with him to meet his repentant bride, but when they came into the room they saw that it was empty. A back window stood open. The woman had fled with her young lover who had returned to wait for her.

Comstock flew into a rage. He offered $100 to anyone who would bring her back. Several men rushed out and minutes later they brought the pair before the irate Comstock.

"Here's your money," Comstock said to one of his friends. "See that this young man is on the next stage to San Francisco."

Comstock managed to hang on to his bride until the following spring when she ran away with another young gambler. This time he made no effort to bring her back. "Women are all alike," he said. "I'm through with them." And he was. He remained single from then on.

JUDGE JAMES WALSH offered Comstock $9,000 for his share in the lode. Comstock was asking $15,000. They finally made a deal for $10,000 and Comstock relinquished his half interest to one of the greatest bonanzas of all time. He could have hung on and been worth millions.

The irony of this sale is enhanced by the fact that Comstock only received $10.00 in cash and the other $9,990 in promissory notes. The sale included the water rights to the property.

Comstock then opened a store in Carson City and another in Gold Canyon. We was a poor business man and too easy with creditors. Finally he owed more than he could pay. Rather than let his creditors take what was left, he invited half of the Paiute Indian tribe in to help themselves. In ten minutes after the doors were open to them, the shelves were stripped bare.

O'Riley and McLaughlin also sold out for peanuts. O'Riley, the last to dispose of his interests, received $40,000 and promptly lost it in stock speculation. He died in an insane asylum. McLaughlin, who received only $11,000, became a cook and later, when the Ophir was creating millionaires over night, he committed suicide.

In an effort to justify his place in history, Comstock later wrote a letter to the St. Louis *Republican*, which that paper printed and which was reprinted in many western papers. From start to finish it was a "pack of lies," said the Virginia City *Enterprise* later. In part, it read:

"The first discovery of the Comstock Lode was made in this way: in the middle of January, 1859, I saw some queer looking stuff in a gopher hole. I ran my hand in and took out a handful of dirt and saw silver and gold in it. At that time Big John Bishop and Old Virginia were there with me; when I found it, they were sitting upon the side of the hill, Gold Hill, a couple of hundred yards from me. I took up five claims. A couple of weeks from that time, and where the Ophir is now located, I found the same prospects, and told the boys at Gold Hill I was going to work it as a good mine, as the first discovery . . . Riley and McLaughlin were working for me at the time of the discovery. (By then both O'Riley and McLaughlin were dead and could not refute the statement.) . . . I opened the lead and called it the Comstock Lode . . . I also located the Savage Claim; showed the ground to old man Savage.

Don Ashbaugh Collection

The famous Crystal Bar in Virginia City.

I located the Gould and Curry—went into the Valley and got old Daddy Curry to come down, and put him in possession of it.

"I also owned the Hale and Norcross, and kept Norcross for a year to work that ground. I also owned the principal part in Gold Hill and leased it out to Walsh and Woodruff . . . Now I will tell you how I sold it. It has never been told as it ought to be told throughout the United States for my benefit, and it shall be.

"Sandy Bowers, I gave him his claim of twenty feet in Gold Hill. Bill Knight, I gave him his claim; Joe Flato, I gave him his. Joe is dead now and his widow is awful rich . . .

"I went on working and Judge Walsh and Woodruff were there for two months, trying every day to buy me out. My health being bad, I sold the claim to them on these terms: I was to get $10,000, and did get it at last; and I was to receive one-eleventh of all that ever came out of the claim during my natural life, and at my death was to will it to whoever I pleased; also to receive $100 per month.

"That was the contract, and two men, Elder Bennett and Manny Pemrod witnessed it; but my health was bad and before I had the contract of sale recorded, Woodruff and Walsh sold out. Having taken no lien on the property, I never got a dollar, from that day to this, except what was at first received. . . ."

The fact that Comstock in his letter could brazenly claim not only the discovery of the lode but title to virtually all of the best ground on it, contrary to all unimpeachable evidence, reveals him for what he really was—a liar, a cheat and a disreputable character undeserving of the honors bestowed upon him.

In Butte, Montana, Comstock eventually ended his own life in poverty. But ironically enough his name lives on.

Ranger's Ranger

(Continued from page 25)

of the stream. The thieves took refuge in a dense *bosque* and a fierce fire fight developed. Mexicans from up and down the river joined in. Captain Jones got killed and several of his men were hit. The survivors fought on until their ammunition was exhausted then withdrew across the Rio Grande.

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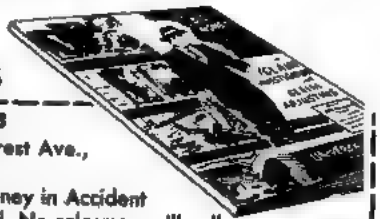

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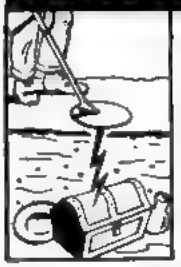

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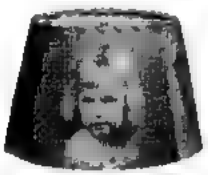

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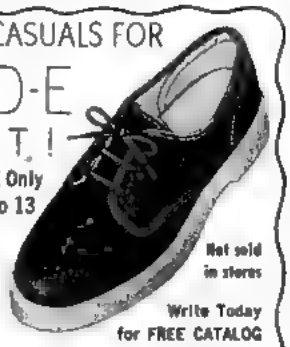

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Diplomatic pressure was brought to bear and Mexican police jailed the four murderers in Juarez. Within a few days, they were accorded a farcical hearing and set scot free—to no one's surprise. Crimes committed by Mexicans on either side of the Rio Grande against white Texans were at this time considered rather heroic deeds by the peons.

A WEEK later, on July 4, Governor James Hogg appointed Sergeant Hughes company commander, succeeding Captain Jones. The act was lauded throughout the state. This marked the most rapid rise from the ranks to a captaincy in Ranger history.

A few days later—this may have been coincidence, of course—the bodies of two of the murderers were found near Tres Jacales with their brains shot out. Next day the body of a third was discovered hanging from a tree in the area. A week later the bullet-riddled corpse of the fourth floated onto some rocks upstream from El Paso.

The impact of Captain Hughes upon the Ranger force helped usher in something of a new era. His special domain was the 1,200 miles of the blood-stained Rio Grande River separating Texas from Mexico—a stretch of river which may have witnessed more sustained human violence than any other in the world. He explored each mile of this forbidding country until he was familiar with every *bosque*, every cave, every mountain pass and river crossing. He refused to be tied down with administrative duties. Instead of sending details out on important cases, he *led* them.

He believed in crime prevention as well as detection, keeping his Rangers constantly on the move. Records indicate that little Company D covered on horseback as much as 16,000 miles a year and undertook a new scouting trip on the average of once every three or four days. Captain Hughes became so feared by lawbreakers that his mere arrival along a stretch of the Rio Grande caused the local shady characters to light a shuck for parts far away.

Many desperadoes used the Big Bend country of the Rio Grande as a sanctuary—a region perhaps as wild and desolate as any on the continent. Among these outlaws was one Juan Perales, a very tough *bandido*, rustler and murderer. County officers, cowboy posses, even Ranger details had pursued Perales after a robbery or rustling raid and occasionally overtook and shot up his gang. But Perales always managed to escape to the protection of the Chisos Mountains, where a small detachment of lawmen could not venture against the numerous outlaws holding sway in the area.

Perales became more arrogant and daring with the passage of time until Captain Hughes accepted the situation as a personal challenge. He took up the Perales trail alone, explaining to his men that one Ranger could get through where several might not. Men of Company D always believed that he went alone because he feared no one else would survive the manhunt.

From his intimate acquaintance with the region, Captain Hughes knew of a tiny trading post at the mouth of an unnamed creek emptying into the Rio Grande in the lonely Mariscal Canyon country. He concluded that this was Perales' point of supply and set a course for the spot. On the last leg of the ride, he traveled by night and hid out by day. Then he made secret camp on a mountain peak where he could keep the trading post under observation. This country is so rough that some of the canyons are more than 3,000 feet deep.

Around noon of the third day, he noted Perales riding toward the little store. Hughes stalked him there and seized him amid his cronies.

This was about as much of the tingling adventure as Hughes would ever recount, but ancient Enrique Castruita of Brewster County, whose father clerked in the trading post when the arrest was made, has described what followed. The pistol and rifle used by Captain John on that bloody day so long ago now repose in the trophy room of his nephew, Emery H. Hughes of Austin, Texas.

Anyway, says Enrique, Hughes kept his Colt muzzle against the rear of his prisoner's head and, using him for a shield, backed away from the outlaws toward his horse. The *bandidos* in the store bolted out the back and took up positions in the brush, from which they opened fire on the Ranger. Hughes gained possession of his saddle gun, handcuffed the prisoner to a tree limb, and disregarding the numbers confronting him, began a fierce attack. He killed six of the outlaws; the survivors fled to gather reinforcements.

Pausing just long enough to apply first aid to his wounds and to tie Perales onto his own horse after cuffing his hands behind his back, Hughes set off at a gallop, leading the prisoner behind him. He knew that he would shortly be pursued, so after several miles he turned down into the bed of a rock-ribbed arroyo which would reveal no tracks, and made his way to a very rough but usable second pass through the mountains.

Halting at necessary intervals only to allow the horses to blow, he pushed on through the afternoon and night and following day, finally making camp after nightfall in a little valley containing water and grass for the exhausted horses. The lawman and his prisoner were scarcely less spent. With the first light of approaching dawn, they resumed the perilous trek and the Ranger duly delivered and locked up his elusive prisoner.

A BREAK in this bone-racking routine came from an unexpected source. A boxing promoter named Dan Stuart had been trying for three years to stage a heavyweight championship fight in Texas. Unfortunately for his plans, reformer Charles Culberson happened to be governor at the time. Among the many things anathema to Culberson, prizefighting must have been near the top, for he had convened the legislature in special session and rammed through a bill outlawing boxing.

Civic boosters in El Paso chose to ignore Culberson and wired Stuart an offer of $6,000 to stage a fight in their city between the heavyweight champion, Peter Maher of Ireland, and the American challenger, Bob Fitzsimmons. Culberson countered by ordering *four* companies of Rangers desperately needed elsewhere to El Paso to halt the contest.

Company D with Captain Hughes—nobody but the governor doubted that Hughes could have stopped the fight alone—was the first outfit selected to carry out the governor's wishes. Hughes jokingly admitted to friends that he and his buddies privately hoped the fight would be held somewhere near, but outside their jurisdiction, so they could get a peep at the proceedings.

The merry mess attracted great national publicity for the proposed battle.

LICENSE TO UI

The influx of "characters" into El Paso del Norte even exceeded the good old days when transcontinental railroads were bloodily vying with one another for first entrance into the North Pass.

The dreaded killer, Old John Selman—the many notches on his gun included the likes of John Wesley Hardin—was marshal of El Paso at the time, but not even his presence plus that of the renowned Captain Hughes could totally suppress the exuberant lawlessness of the celebrating immigrants. A not untypical twenty-four-hour police blotter for this period of hysteria lists two pistol duels—one of them between two lawmen—four stabbings, six saloon riots, one bordello riot and seventeen arrests for burglary or armed robbery. The old town was jumping!

Promoter Stuart, in connivance with celebrated Judge Roy Bean, eventually shifted the boxing show to Mexico, opposite the Judge's desert town of Langtry. The sportswriters sat on the steps and shaky porch of the "Jersey Lily," the judge's famous saloon and courthouse, and between bottles of beer at one dollar each, ground out their stories on the cross-river contest.

"Guess it was just as well I didn't get to see the so-called fight after all," said Captain Hughes in summing up the situation. "Conscience would've forced me to arrest the principals for robbery soon as they got back on the Texas side. Those burglars conned boxing fans gathered at El Paso and San Antonio into traveling all night by train to Langtry, stuck them $20 per head to squat in the rain on a cold sand bar and what happened? Maher absorbed one chop on the whiskers in the first few seconds of the first round and rolled over cold."

A STORY often told around old Ranger gatherings about "Cap'n John's Glass Mountains campaign" further points up the man's amazing ability to get the job done.

Seems there was an enterprising rustler gang comprised of Jube Friar, Art Friar and Bo Fowler who based their operations from a hideout in the Glass Mountains. For mounts they had provided themselves with stout stolen racehorses with which they outdistanced pursuit after their raids. Came a time when they ran off a particularly valuable band of horses and a delegation from Presidio and Brewster Counties appealed to Captain Hughes, 250 miles away at Ysleta, for aid in rounding up the thieves.

Captain Hughes broke out a map of the Glass Mountains country for study. Here was an area so desolate that whole regions the size of some eastern states contained only rattlesnakes, gila monsters, tarantulas and lizards—no humans. But Hughes knew one place where the rustlers might obtain supplies—the Starr Ranch, which lay not far from the Southern Pacific Railroad tracks skirting the Glass Mountains. He decided the thieves must pass near it.

A passenger train was due through Ysleta in a couple of hours after the request for aid was made. Captain Hughes stopped the train and loaded his party and their horses aboard the mail car, unloading that night in the Starr Ranch country.

At first light the party began a scout of the region and by the next day had cut the trail of the rustlers and their stolen horses. They closed with the thieves in a mountain pass. The robbers showed bad judgment, electing to shoot it out, and the Friar brothers were killed. A richocheting bullet cut the hitch-rope of Fowler's horse and the animal galloped around some giant boulders to where the rustler was holed up. He leaped into the saddle and the racehorse sped him to temporary safety. Nevertheless, in three days Hughes had destroyed a rustler gang long thumbing noses at other police authorities.

Captain Hughes kept the pressure on Fowler and soon had him behind bars. The rustler claimed he had been railroaded. Upon his eventual release from prison, he returned to the Big Bend country and caught on as a waddie with a desert outfit. He boasted to his associates that he would shoot Captain Hughes on sight. Since he possessed a deserved reputation as a hardcase, many of his fellow cowpokes believed him.

In a cottonwood grove one sizzling day, the cow-hunting crew with which Fowler had been working were hunkering over their coffee. A cowboy lifted and shaded his eyes.

"Fowler," he said, "you be lucky enough to hunt lost purses for a living. Here comes Cap'n John now down the valley and you got a chance to git yore mad off with'im."

"How you know it's Hughes?" exclaimed Fowler, in great alarm.

"Hell, I'd know *him* anywheres," replied the cowpoke.

"Jist happened to recollect the foreman told me to clear that drift offen Blue Waterhole afore sundown," muttered Fowler as he vaulted into his saddle and spurred away.

THE EXPLOITS of Captain Hughes had made his name a household word throughout Texas when national publicity showered down upon his unwilling head.

An unscrupulous New York lawyer named Abe Hummel had amassed a fortune out-foxing the law for the benefit of numerous well-heeled hoodlums. New

Ed Bartholomew

Company "D" of the Frontier Battalion. This picture, taken in Ysleta, Texas, in 1894, shows (from left to right): J. W. Saunders, Joe Sitter, T. T. Cook, Ed Bryant, Ed Palmer, George Tucker, William Schmidt, Captain John B. Hughes, Sergeant Carl Kirchner, Deputy U.S. Marshal F. M. McMahon, and J. V. Latham.

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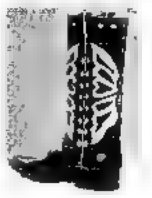

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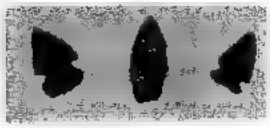

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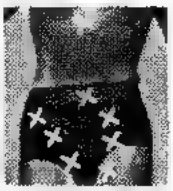

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York authorities knew he commonly resorted to illegal practices but had been unable to prove it. At last crusading District Attorney Jerome uncovered a case of Hummel's subornation involving a man named Charles F. Dodge.

Hummel countered by bribing Dodge to flee to Mexico to escape testifying. En route Dodge was identified in Houston and placed under arrest. Then legal fireworks began as Hummel squandered money in reckless abandon to pull his chestnuts from the fire. These legal shenanigans constituted front page stuff in the great New York dailies and were reprinted throughout the nation.

At long last Dodge was admitted to $20,000 cash bail awaiting decision on an appeal from the latest judicial decision. He promptly resumed his efforts to escape to Mexico. Captain Hughes, at his temporary headquarters in Alice, was directed to shadow him and take him into custody the instant his judgment indicated an arrest could be made to stick.

Dodge and his party covertly purchased tickets from the National of Mexico at Alice and boarded a train for Eagle Pass. In the smoking car with them was a big still-faced man in a business suit. The big man was Captain Hughes, of course, and just as the train reached the border, he placed Dodge under arrest and slipped the handcuffs on him.

Arriving back at Alice with his prisoner, Captain Hughes was assailed by county officers bearing writs of habeas corpus hearings for Dodge for this district court, that district court. But Hughes had a telegram in his pocket from Governor S. W. T. Lanham which ordered him to "Hold C. F. Dodge to await requisition from Governor of New York." Coldly spurning the court orders, Hughes waved the telegram and stated simply but grimly, "This is the only authority I recognize and it implies unmistakably that I have to deliver Dodge to a New York officer."

Hummel's lawyers got the judge of the Federal Court in Houston to order the United States marshal at Alice to take the prisoner from Captain Hughes. The Ranger got out his worn telegram and pointed out to the Federal marshal that until and unless Governor Lanham changed the orders thereon, nobody was about to take Dodge from his custody. The marshal got the point.

Eventually the governor was prevailed upon by legal eagles to instruct Captain Hughes to deliver Dodge in joint custody with the United States marshal to the Federal Court in Houston. There Dodge was duly surrendered to New York officers and transported home. His subsequent testimony led to imprisonment and ruin for Hummel.

The picture created by a single intrepid Ranger's successfully defying the massed and baffling legal pyrotechnics available to great wealth fired the imagination of the whole country. Messages of admiration and congratulation poured in to Captain Hughes from all over the United States.

THE ADVENTUROUS, action-packed years rolled by. On a given day Captain Hughes and his Rangers might be discovered wiping out the notorious Odle gang of rustlers in Nueces Canyon. A week later they could be found engaged in a bloody battle with the Ybarra gang of gun-runners in the smothering depths of thorn jungles around Brownsville. A couple of weeks afterward, they might be located far away on a snow-capped ridge of the Davis Mountains closing in on the holed-up Massey gang of train robbers.

But the terrific lawman was absorbing vast punishment and slowing down with the weight of countless wounds. Just how many outlaws he had been forced to spin into the dust with his blazing guns and how much of their lead had been pumped into him perhaps even he did not know. And he became more and more unwilling to discuss such details.

There came a day at a Ranger reunion in San Antonio when a sweet young thing aspiring to be a writer rustled up to the aging lawman. "How many men have you killed, Captain Hughes?" she blurted.

The courtly Ranger was too polite to shrug her off. He tipped his hat and murmured: "One, ma'am."

"Only *one*," she gasped in shocked disappointment. "My word! How people do exaggerate about you! But would you mind giving me the details?"

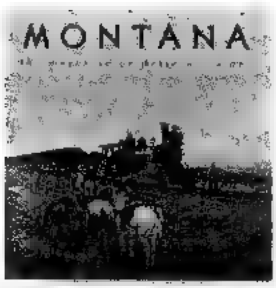
"It was like this, ma'am," replied the captain. "A Ranger pal named Buck and I were making a winter scout in the Franklin Mountains. We had only one blanket between us. Buck was a little shaver and I happened to roll over in the night and pull the blanket off'im and froze'im to death."

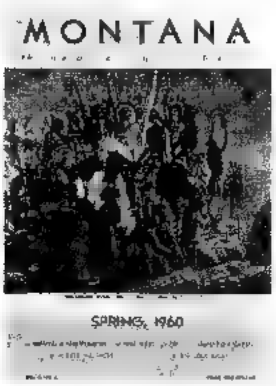
Emery H. Hughes
John R. Hughes' gun.

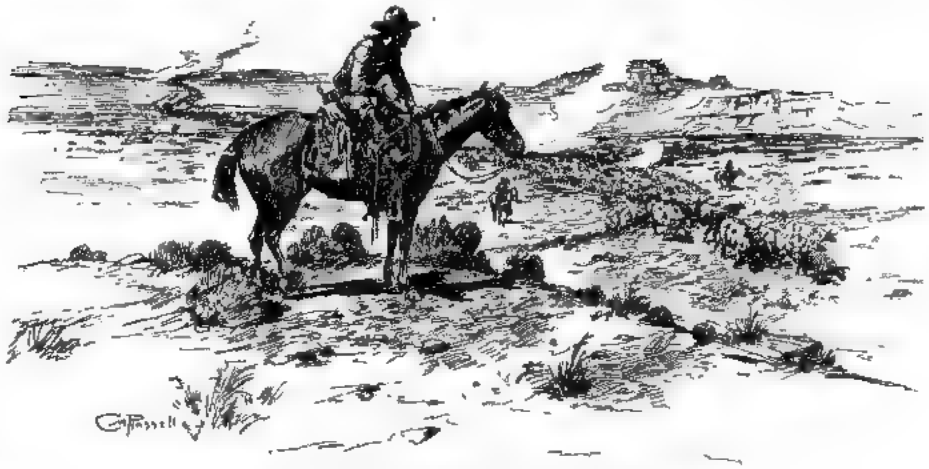
SUCH INCIDENTS crystallized Captain Hughes's growing conviction that three decades spent pursuing criminals were long enough. The submission of his resignation occasioned profound regret in official circles and throughout the state. When pressed to reconsider his decision, he politely but firmly declined. "I've grown a mite tired of looking down the barrels of other men's guns," was all he said.

The peerless manhunter met death at ninety-one. Throngs attended his funeral. The minister's eulogy was inspiring, but two old Rangers, sitting in the extreme rear of the large group of mourners, neatly epitomized the career of a man in whose very shadow the frontier and civilization had crept forward.

"They're burying a big lawman today. Cap'n John never lost a trail. Never lost a fight. Never lost a prisoner. Guess you could say he was *all* Ranger."







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Curtains for Big Nose George

(Continued from page 19)

a few miles east of Medicine Bow. Sheriff's deputies went out to investigate, and a few days before Christmas arrested an outlaw gang hiding there. Dutch Charlie was one of those captured.

The outlaws were taken to Laramie City and placed in jail there. On January 5, 1879, Dutch Charlie was sent to Rawlins. The train got as far as Carbon, where it was stopped by an unruly mob of masked men.

"To the nearest pole!" one of them ordered. A line was thrown to a crosspiece, a noose made and Dutch's neck placed in it. Then he was told to mount a barrel. The *Laramie Weekly Sentinel* states that the barrel was kicked out from under him before he could talk. (Mary Lou Pence and Lola M. Homsher in *Ghost Towns of Wyoming* credit Frank Howard with doing the honors, fearing that Charlie would implicate him.) Many old-timers, however, solemnly state that Elizabeth Widdowfield, sister-in-law of the murdered deputy, went forward, looked into the cold staring eyes of Dutch Charlie and said, "This is your punishment for killing my brother-in-law." Then she kicked the barrel out from under him and Dutch Charlie passed from this world.

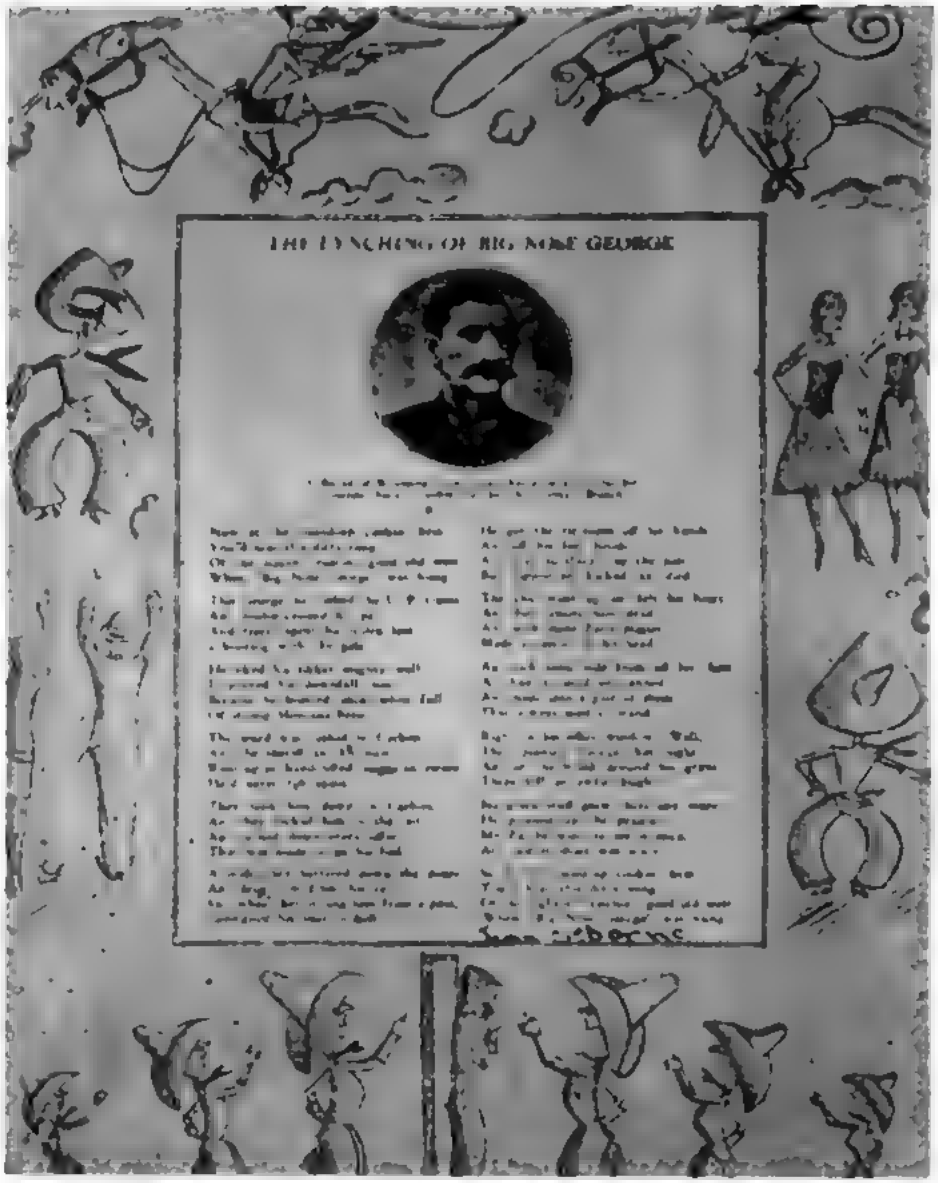
ON A JULY day in 1880, four of the gang got rip-roaring drunk in a Miles City, Montana, saloon. They bragged long and loud of their exploits, including the killing in Rattlesnake Canyon. Someone wired Sheriff Jim Rankin of Rawlins. He took the next train north. When he arrived, he found Big Nose and placed him under arrest. With the prisoner in shackles he started back to Rawlins. The train pulled into Carbon on August 7, right in the midst of a mule skinners' convention. Word quickly got around that Sheriff Rankin had arrived with the prisoner. About fifteen of the mule skinners donned masks, and with drawn guns went into the train, threw down on the sheriff and marched off with George.

Because Parrott turned canary and freely gave information about other members of the gang and their activities, he was taken back to the depot and returned to Rankin. Asked why he had killed the two officers in Rattlesnake Canyon he replied, "Because dead men tell no tales."

The outlaw went on trial the following November in the District Court in Rawlins, Justice Peck of the Supreme Court of the Territory presiding. There then followed a quick change of pleas from not guilty to guilty and back again to innocent. Justice Peck read the indictment and explained the consequences of the plea of guilty and its penalty of death. He gave George twenty hours to think it over. Again he came before the Court with a plea of guilty and was sentenced to death by hanging. The execution was scheduled for April 2, 1881.

But Wyoming Territory was not to execute him. Some one smuggled him a hawk-billed knife and a piece of sandstone while he was in jail awaiting execution, and he managed to cut through the rivets of his leg-irons.

His cell was on a corridor which had a grated door leading into the office of the jailer, Robert Rankin, a brother of the sheriff who had arrested him in Miles City. Also opening off the same corridor was a water closet. This closet was unlocked through most of the day. The door to the office was kept locked.



Jean Osborne's "Ballad of Big Nose George."

ON MARCH 22, 1881, twelve days before Wyoming was scheduled to claim his life, Big Nose George made his bid for freedom. After supper he silently ensconced himself in a corner of the water closet, nursing his eight-pound leg-irons. The lamps had not been lit.

About 7:30 Jailer Rankin unlocked the corridor door and entered the cell block to lock the cells for the night. He failed to lock the door from which he had entered. He was unarmed and his jangling keys betrayed his every movement. The moment Rankin's form passed the closet door, Big George brought the irons down with all his strength on the head of the unfortunate jailer. Three times he struck, and Rankin slumped to his knees. Big George, believing he had killed his keeper, threw away the irons. But Rankin was a very tough man; he rallied and landed a solid blow to Big George's head which laid him back against the corridor wall.

Rankin staggered toward the office door shouting to his wife, Rosa, who was in the jail office, to bring him his gun.

Rosa Rankin acted with rare presence of mind. She dashed to the door and slid the bolt just before the desperate prisoner reached it. Then she secured a heavy caliber pistol and covered the desperado, allowing her bleeding husband to pass into the jail office behind her while George backed off. Rosa relocked the door. For this splendid piece of work the Carbon County commissioners later presented Rosa Rankin with a fine gold watch appropriately inscribed.

Big George went back to the water closet and retrieved the leg-irons. Rankin then ordered one of the prisoners to come out of his cell and light the lamp in the corridor. This was done, and Big George, seeing the game was up, returned to his own cell. Jim Candlish, a blacksmith, was summoned, and Big George's leg-irons were riveted and the cell doors locked. Rankin, swathed in bandages and bleeding profusely, lay on a lounge in the office, where his wife Rosa and a guard named Simms administered to him as best they could.

The news of the murderous attack on Rankin swept through the town like wildfire. With it went a rumor that Big Nose George might be spared from the gallows by being declared insane. As the night wore on, small groups of men clustered in low conversation on the streets and corners, and rumors went out that

Big Nose George would swing that very night.

Around ten p.m. a group of masked men, heavily armed, knocked on the door of the jail. Simms, the guard, answered, calling out, "Who are you and what do you want?"

"Friends," was the answer, "We want to come in."

"No visitors," Simms said, "You can't come in."

Those were just formalities. Several 200-pounders threw their combined weight against the very ordinary door which fronted on the street and was not a part of the confinement layout. They covered the astounded Simms with their pistols and marched inside. The mob quickly took charge of the jail, secured Rankin's keys, then marched like soldiers straight to Big Nose George's cell. But in their haste they somehow jammed the lock on the cell door. An axe was found, the lock was beat off, and Big Nose George was led out, or rather dragged, to a telegraph pole near the depot in the southeast part of the town.

A rope went over the crosspiece, the noose was adjusted, and an empty kerosene drum was placed underneath. His hands were tied behind him (he also had on leg-irons) and Big Nose George was ordered to mount the barrel. He couldn't make it. He was lifted up. Then, a man in a white mask who was apparently the leader, said, "Knock out the barrel." This was done. Yet something went wrong; either the noose slipped or the rope was too long. Big Nose George dropped to the ground, unhurt. "Hang him over and make a good job of it this time," the man in the white mask said.

Someone brought a ladder and leaned it against the pole. Several of the vigilantes hauled Big Nose George part way up the ladder. The bandit expressed impatience at their bumbling efforts and remarked that he would climb to the top of the ladder and jump off and make a fast finish. But the vigilantes deemed he was sufficiently high and yanked away the ladder. The doomed man dropped a couple of feet, the rope tautened, and Big Nose began dancing on air.

Then, to the horror of the onlookers, the prisoner's hands became untied, he grasped the pole with both arms and climbed upward, screaming, "Oh, for God's sake someone shoot me! I'm choking to death!" The heavy shackles dragged him down. Then he would make a tremendous effort and struggle a little higher. But the throttling action of the rope and his violent struggles gradually weakened him and slowly but surely he strangled to death. Finally his grip on the pole relaxed; his body gently swayed in the breeze.

In the meantime a crowd of around 200 had gathered, most of the male population of the frontier town. Finally a voice called out, "See if that man is dead yet." S. T. Lewis, a citizen, felt for heartbeats but found none. A moment later Dr. J. E. Osborne stepped up and felt the pulse. He pronounced the man alive. (The doctor would later become Governor of Wyoming.) Big Nose George again was hoisted aloft and the body thus hung until around midnight when it was cut down upon order of the coroner.

The body was eventually turned over to Doctors Maghee and Osborne, physicians and surgeons for the Union Pacific Railway. The two doctors dismembered it and placed it in a saline solution in a whisky barrel, using it for anatomical study. The skin was sent to a tannery.

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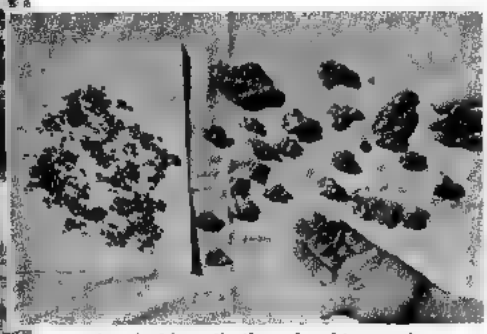

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Doctor Osborne is said to have made a pair of shoes from the skin that came from the thighs and a medicine bag from the skin removed from the chest. To a Dr. Heath he gave the top of the skull. In due course of time Dr. Osborne buried the barrel of bones and other relics in the backyard of his office, where they came to light in 1950, somewhat to the embarrassment, we surmise, of the present-day citizens of Rawlins.

So Big Nose George is still around, but in pieces only!

The Wounded Knee Massacre

(Continued from page 9)

ordered to one side. The ailing Big Foot was carried out of his tent and propped up on his blankets against our flag pole. Colonel Forsyth stood in the center of the ring with Father Francis Craft and nine other officers and interpreters.

Through the interpreter, Colonel Forsyth got down to the business at hand. But the Indians were far from pleased when he requested them to surrender their arms. They argued that they needed their old fowling pieces to kill game in order to survive. This plea failed to move Colonel Forsyth, however, and he insisted that the Sioux go back to their tents and return with their weapons. After considerable debate several scowling braves departed and returned carrying two old blunderbusses, declaring these relics to be the only guns in their possession. Their ruse was doomed to failure, however, for Forsyth then detailed a number of soldiers to search the tents and confiscate the Indians' arsenal. He picked five members of my troop to accompany Captain Varnum and several other chaps from troop B.

The Sioux braves became agitated by the cries of their squaws, who attempted to prevent the soldiers from scattering their belongings and as the tension rose, Yellow Bird, the medicine man, began exhorting his people to resist the bluecoats.

He was prancing up and down in front of the circle of angry warriors, blowing on an eagle bone whistle between tirades. I can remember some of the soldiers laughing at his antics. We probably wouldn't have found it so funny if we could have understood the Siouan tongue, however. For I learned later that Yellow Bird was continually urging his braves to fight, declaring they had nothing to lose since their sacred ghost shirts were bullet proof. Then as soldiers stepped forward to search the blanketed braves, the medicine man stooped, scooped up a handful of dirt and flung it in the air. This was the traditional summons to battle, but what happened next is a mystery to me and I have to depend on the reports of others.

I was standing too far back to witness the incident, but several of the troopers said one of our men flipped back the blanket of one of the Indians to reveal a cocked rifle and in the struggle for possession of the weapon the gun went off.

WHATEVER OCCURRED, that shot was like dropping a match into a powder keg. The whole field exploded into action. Oblivious to everything but self-preservation, I was firing into the erupting mass of Indians along with everyone else. The Sioux had flipped back their blankets in a flash and were firing back at point-blank range.

Braves without guns rushed us in an attempt to hack their way through our ranks with hatchets, knives and war clubs. The white hot fury of this mad melee defies my attempts at description. The air was rent by savage war cries and the booming of the guns. In our violent struggle with the swarming band of warriors we were unaware that our position had become doubly untenable. For, fantastic as it sounds, the surrounding troopers were firing wildly into this seething mass of humanity, subjecting us as well as the Indians to a deadly crossfire while the first volley from the Hotchkiss guns mowed down scores of women and children who had been watching the proceedings.

In the midst of this bedlam, I merely thought I had bumped my arm when the first bullet tore through my flesh, then another ripped through my thigh, a third smashed the butt of my rifle and I went spinning to the ground. The last thing I saw was the face of Father Craft. Then an Indian stabbed him in the back as he was bending over me to administer the last rites.

I don't believe I lost consciousness for more than a couple of minutes, however, but when I opened my eyes the tide of the battle was already flowing past. While some of the Indians were sharpshooting from the tents, others had reached their ponies. But the bulk of the Sioux were fleeing helter-skelter for the safety of the ravine. The Hotchkiss guns were rapidly moved into position to sweep the dry river bed and the Indians were cut down in droves beneath a relentless hail of lead. Those who survived this deadly storm fled in terror over the plains with the troopers in hot pursuit. Few escaped the merciless slaughter dealt out that dreadful day by members of the Seventh Cavalry. There was no discrimination of age or sex. Children as well as women with babes in their arms were brought down as far as two miles from the Wounded Knee Crossing.

The memory of that gory battlefield is still enough to make me shudder. When I came to, I was surrounded by the shattered bodies of my comrades. Father Craft, stabbed through the lungs, was lying unconscious nearby. Murphy was dead, Macque had been killed and Jim had sustained a terrible wound in his chest. Captain Wallace, the only officer killed in the foray, was crumpled near the center of the ring. Although he had four bullet wounds in his body they said he had actually succumbed from the blow of a war club.

Chief Big Foot lay dead in his blankets at the foot of our flagpole and the grotesque bodies of his people were strewn out over the plains as far as you could see. The moans of wounded and dying were enough to give a man nightmares the rest of his life.

To be quite frank, I was rather concerned about my own chances for survival, for I had lost a lot of blood. My arm throbbed with every beat of my heart and my thigh was a pulpy mess. But the corpsmen moved rapidly among us and carried the wounded to a nearby knoll. They placed me with my head down the incline to keep the remaining blood near my heart. When the physician examined the gaping hole in my leg he said it looked like the bone had been smashed. I had ghastly visions of him sawing off my leg, but they had no time for such matters on the battlefield. After administering first-aid they carried me into one of the tents. But our ordeal was far from over.

Wovoka dancers. The picture was taken shortly before the massacre.

For the thunder of the battle had been heard by the Indians congregated at the agency and when fugitives from the massacre straggled in to report the affair the Sioux camp was thrown into turmoil. Many of the panic-stricken Indians took this as an indication that the soldiers intended to disarm and kill them all. As a result, a number of the warriors took off for the battlefield to avenge their kin.

Our troops were still out in the field hunting prisoners and gathering up the dead when the Sioux appeared on the scene. So above the wailing of mourning squaws we soon heard gunfire in the distance as the Indians engaged our troops. Our lives still hung in the balance.

I heard one of the sentinels outside our tent mutter, "They may turn the tables on us yet." Lying there helpless in my robes I couldn't help sharing his misgivings. But, although our men were surrounded by the Sioux, they threw up hasty entrenchments and eventually managed to repel the Indians. When a runner brought word that the Agency

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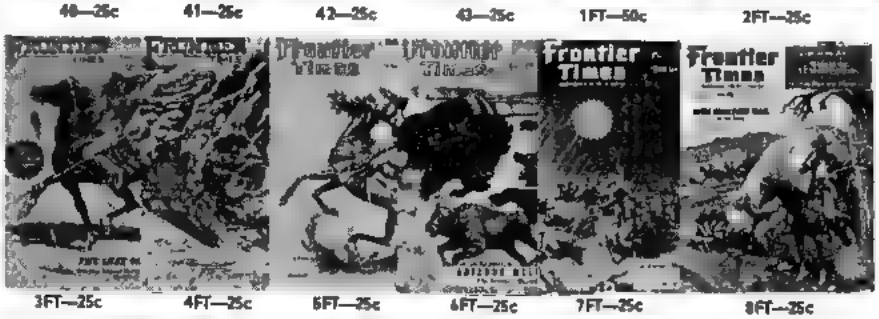

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was under attack a detachment of our troops was sent to reinforce the besieged post. At the approach of our soldiers the Sioux drew back to a position on White Clay Creek.

Meanwhile, back at Wounded Knee Creek, preparations were underway to break camp. The Indian scouts helped load the dead and wounded into wagons. We were about ready to roll when a Crow scout rode in to warn us that a band of hostiles was planning a reception for us along the old wagon route.

So the mule skinners were instructed to make a big swing out through the plains and I was hoisted into one of the ambulances next to a man from A troop who had been shot through the neck. The bitter cold was bad enough, but the jostling of the wagons as the drivers whipped the mules into a jagged run over that rugged terrain was pure agony. It was a race against death, however, and only one of our number gave up the ghost during our wild flight through the night.

Amazingly enough, the soldiers discovered that some of the Sioux beneath the snowy mounds still harbored the breath of life. These Indians were brought back to the Agency for treatment. Unfortunately, most of them died, but one little baby girl, who had been shielded from the elements until the death of her mother, miraculously survived. We called her the "Little Lost Waif of Wounded Knee Creek" and she was later adopted by Colonel Colby and his wife.

Although an exact account of the dead was never definitely established, General Miles, who investigated the regrettable affair, estimated that at least 200 Sioux had been killed outright, with at least 100 more succumbing later due to the combination of injuries and exposure.

General Miles and Buffalo Bill Cody came to visit us in our hospital tents, questioning us all at length to obtain our version of the affair, but I'm afraid I wasn't much help to them.

Looking north across Big Foot's camp after the massacre.

Once inside the agency our predicament was still a matter of conjecture, for we had less than a thousand men compared to over 3,000 thoroughly riled Sioux. They piled cordwood around our hospital tents, but we took small comfort in this fortification during the sporadic firing.

Two skirmishes with the Sioux occurred the next day, but there was one bright note on the twenty-ninth as far as I was concerned. After they cut off my boot, the physician discovered that by some happy chance the bullet had entered my thigh at just the right angle to miss the bone and the main artery. So, although the wound was to bother me the rest of my life, I was still in better shape than many others.

While we lay shivering in the hospital tents pondering our fate, a blizzard blew up over the Dakotas, smothering further uprisings in a blanket of snow. It wasn't until three days after the battle that a burial detail was sent back to the scene of carnage at Wounded Knee Creek. Reporters accompanied the troopers and took pictures of Chief Big Foot frozen in the snow and of the huge trench where the soldiers piled the dead after some of the corpses had been stripped of their ghost shirts by souvenir hunting whites.

As I see it, the battle was more or less a matter of natural combustion sparked by mutual distrust on both sides. I know I didn't hear a command to fire, but the situation was beyond control the minute that accidental shot went off. For just like the rest of my outfit, I had no desire to get my hair lifted and in the panic that followed I fought instinctively until I fell.

The Messiah War, which turned out to be the Indians' last stand, ended about two weeks later. General Miles urged Congress to appropriate sufficient funds to fulfill the terms of the treaty and our troops moved out around the suspicious Sioux. On January 16, after General Miles, or "Bear Coat" as the Indians called him, promised them that their grievances would be adjusted, the Sioux surrendered their arms. A once proud nation had accepted defeat.

Around two weeks later I was moved to Fort Riley, Kansas, and after a lengthy convalescence I was discharged from the service with a partial disability pension along with my memories of the blood and thunder massacre at Wounded Knee Creek.

Lake City, Colorado, in the 1880's.

Wild Old Days!

(Continued from page 35)

post office, where he withdrew $40,000—his treasure from the strong box! He repaid Huldah her $1,000 and bought her a complete trousseau. Eric, the "swedheart" arrived shortly afterward to claim his bride.

SIT-DOWN STRIKE ON THE CPR

By NORMAN B. WILTSEY

BACK IN THE summer of 1881, Chief Piapot of the Fort Qu'appele band of Plains Crees had what he thought was a brilliant idea. He would park his entire village across the right-of-way laid out for the Canadian Pacific Railroad and refuse to budge. Then, reasoned Piapot with Stone Age logic, the engineers couldn't do their work, the laborers couldn't lay the track, and the hated Fire Wagons couldn't come roaring through the hunting grounds of the Indians to scare away the game. It was as simple as that to Piapot. Accordingly, the chief moved his band to the CPR right-of-way and the squaws set up their teepees squarely in the path of the construction crews.

The amazed field engineer rode up to see what was going on and was unceremoniously hustled out of camp. Boiling with rage, he fired off a wire to the Lieutenant-Governor at Regina. That startled official transmitted the incredible message to the Maple Creek Post of the Northwest Mounted Police, near the CPR head of steel in what is today southwestern Saskatchewan. Sergeant MacNeal, commanding officer at the post, rode out to investigate, accompanied by a constable.

Savagely barking dogs heralded the arrival of the sergeant and his fellow officer at Piapot's camp. Imperturbably, looking neither right nor left, they rode past groups of sullen-faced braves to Piapot's lodge.

Squatting cross-legged in the door-opening of his teepee, Piapot answered MacNeal's polite query with a stubborn declaration that this was Cree country and that he would camp here all summer long if he wished.

"You're dead wrong there, Chief," replied the sergeant pleasantly. "This land belongs to the railroad and you're moving off it right away. Get going now and don't give us any trouble."

For answer, Piapot waved his arm and whooped. Prompty a dozen braves raced up on horseback, screeching, and firing their rifles in the air. Crowding the police officers, the Indians began skillfully backing their ponies into the heavier troop-horses—hoping to provoke the Mounties into drawing their revolvers and thereby providing an excuse for murdering them.

"Ignore the idiots," gritted MacNeal to his constable. "They're trying to bluff us—they won't shoot us unless we get rattled and try to shoot our way out."

Deliberately, MacNeal drew his watch from his pocket, leaned forward toward the stolid figure of the Chief and shouted above the uproar. "You've got just *one minute* to stop this nonsense and, start clearing out!"

Piapot's bronze countenance remained expressionless. "Think he heard you?" asked the constable anxiously.

"He heard me all right," said the sergeant grimly. "The foxy old devil is bluffing—but I'm going to call him!"

For a seemingly endless sixty seconds the two officers sat immobile on their horses in the midst of a whirlwind of buckjumping Indian ponies and howling, jostling warriors.

When the minute was up, MacNeal said briskly, "Well, here we go!" Handing his reins to the constable, the sergeant leaped off his horse, reached past Piapot into the teepee and yanked the center pole that supported the lodge. The teepee collapsed in smelly folds around the astounded chief's head. Snarling, he wriggled free of the mess and reached for the rifle that had been knocked out of his hands by the falling lodge-pole.

MacNeal kicked the weapon aside and boomed in his best parade ground voice,

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"You fool—do you want to hang on the gallows for murder? Get up and get your people out of here before I arrest the lot of you!"

For just a moment the curious tableau lasted—the tall, mustached police sergeant and the prostrate chief, tangled comically in the debris of his fallen lodge, glaring angrily at each other. The utter absurdity of the situation struck both the police officers at the same instant—and both broke into roars of laughter.

Tension snapped. Squaws tittered; even the wild young bucks turned their heads to smile. Made to appear ridiculous before his people, Piapot struggled to his feet and bawled a furious order to break camp.

The victorious Mounties rode unmolested and chuckling back to the Maple Creek Post.

THE FUR FLEW

By TOM O'DWYER

IN VIRGINIA CITY, Nevada, back in the boom days, entertainment for the miners sometimes involved both brutality and crudity as the theaters sought to draw large crowds and reap a harvest in dollars. A battle between a black bear and four bulldogs was staged at McGuire's Opera House one night. Another popular contest was a battle between wildcats and bulldogs. With all the solemn dignity it might have given to a serious dramatic performance, the Virginia City *Enterprise* reported it in this manner:

"The great wildcat and bulldog fight came off at the Opera House last night according to programme and was witnessed by a full and excited house . . . There was rigged up on the stage a large cage. Toward the roof of the cage, placed so as to perfectly light up the interior, were eight gas jets. All being in readiness, Fight No. 1 took place. The smallest cat was let into the den and shortly afterward Mr. Gage's large white bulldog, 'Hero.' He went after the cat 'thar and then.' The cat stood his first charge and then began to want to leave. After a few wild plunges about the cage the dog got a square hold on the beast and promptly killed it . . . "

A second battle followed and was a clear-cut victory for the cat, so the *Enterprise* reported. Still a third fight came off with a fresh dog in the cage, and was a really terrific battle, according to the reporter. The cat found it necessary to use its teeth as well as its claws. Rolling over and over on the floor, making all sorts of wild cries, both dog and cat fought for their lives. The reporter described the melee as resembling "a big bunch of firecrackers exploding and whirling about."

Having had enough, the cat tried to get away by climbing the sides of the cage, but each time it was dragged back by the spunky dog, which kept after it until it went to work once more on the dog, this time with renewed fury. The fight lasted over twenty minutes, with the dog finally subduing the cat and killing it amid the cries of approval voiced by the audience. More than $2,000 was bet on the fight.

There was no Humane Society in those days to interfere with the performance, which those who attended called a great success. Today such battles occur only in movie cartoons, and are greeted with laughter instead of wagering.

We Watched Them Die!

(Continued from page 11)

THE OVERLAND road was constantly lined with freight or emigrant trains. Many convert Mormons were enroute to Salt Lake (Zion)—Welch, Danes, Russians and English—who were the queerest dressed, and most peculiar looking people I had ever seen. Their draught animals were mostly cows. Some had cows and horses or mules hitched together.

We were now on the Plains proper, a vast expanse of prairie destitute of timber. For fuel we used buffalo chips or sagebrush, the latter being scarce. Game was plenty all along but very timid. The islands along the sluggish Platte were covered thickly with willow, wild plum, currant, grape and cherry bushes. The main road followed mostly along the foothills of the low, rolling, ridged Platte where the land was dry and had a few million less mosquitoes to the square foot.

One day John Moore, a friend of mine, while in the act of drawing a shotgun from the wagon to shoot a jackrabbit, was killed. The hammer caught on something, discharging one barrel, the entire charge striking him in the breast. With many tears we buried him along the Platte

Them days a teamster was rated according to his ability to swear. The louder he could cuss the better. He was able to urge his team through bad places, with a whip fifteen to twenty feet in length. The stock was about twelve inches long, made of hickory, the lash being dressed buck or buffalo hide. With this persuader dashing and cracking and a string of oaths pouring forth, an ox would generally do his best.

We arrived at Ft. Laramie about the first of July, unloaded, and started on our homeward journey. We had seen plenty of Indians all along the way. We traded and trafficked with them, they not showing any hostility toward us. Ranches or trading stores were scattered all along our route every fifteen or twenty miles, their principal stock in trade being whisky.

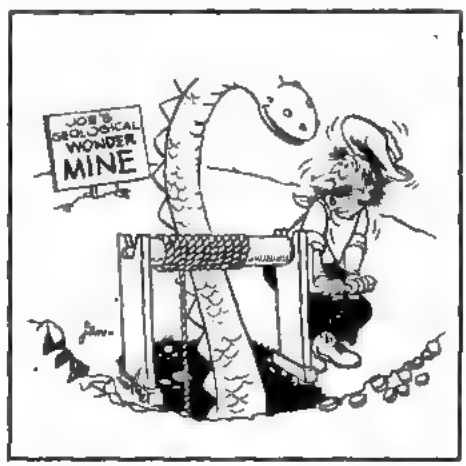
On our return we met a Mormon immigrant train of 400 families. The women came to our camp and succeeded in persuading three of our teamsters to turn back and accompany their people to Zion. They told of Utah's fair, beautiful, slim and lovely daughters and said that men there were allowed all the wives they could take care of. Had there been any pretty girls in the outfit they might have been some inducement for me.

I and two others were given the job of night herding. One night the latter part of July we camped at Cottonwood Bend, six or seven miles west of Plum Creek and about thirty miles west of Ft. Kearney. Up to this time there had been no open Indian hostility, only occasional marauding bands stealing stock and committing other petty depredations. That night we kept the cattle between the corral and the river, which were some 300 yards apart. As was usual at daybreak, we drove the cattle to the corral. The men at once commenced yoking.

We found that some three or four head were missing. It was then light enough to see them on an island about 200 feet from the mainland where they had strayed during the night. I mounted a mule and started to bring them in. When I was within 100 feet of the riverbank, my mule showed signs of fear, throwing its ears forward and snorting. In an instant arrows were flying thick around me and about 100 Indians came rushing out from under the riverbank yelling as though the infernal regions had broke loose.

I WAS STRUCK in the breast with an arrow and others slightly wounded me in the leg and foot. My mule turned on the instant and made for camp. I drew my Colt .45 and fired behind me, not being able to take aim. The teamsters opened fire on the Indians and the train that had overtaken us late that night was corralled some 200 yards back from us towards the hills and in lower ground, that the Indians had evidently not seen. They also commenced firing rapidly with revolvers as the Indians approached.

I, very much frightened, reached the corral and grabbed my rifle, an old muzzleloader, having fired my remaining five pistol shots. Some twenty-five or



thirty Indians ran through the corral (the cattle were not yet hooked on the tongue but were most all yoked), the others circling around the outside, firing showers of arrows. A few had oldfashioned firearms. I had pulled the arrow from my breast, which had struck the pleat of my buckskin shirt preventing it from penetrating barely over the steel point. I was so excited I scarcely felt any pain.

The war party rushed through the corral. I fired my rifle at one Indian who wore a large war bonnet, mounted on a black pony. He fell from his saddle. Another one fell at the same time. The others retreated under the riverbank. The boys claimed several others were wounded. If so, their horses carried them away.

Two of our men besides me were wounded but not dangerously. Those two braves who had fallen were fine specimens of Sioux warriors painted and feathered as was their custom in war times with only a breech-clout and moccasins. The dead one was shot with a rifle ball and as I was the only one in the outfit who had a rifle, I fell heir to his fine black pony. By that time another wagontrain that was going our way had approached to within a short distance. We then all joined forces and traveled three wagons abreast. As no one felt disposed to kill the wounded Indians, we left them both where they fell but took their arms, which consisted of bows and arrows, knives and lances with pennants.

We then moved forward. As soon as

we were a half mile away the Indians returned and carried off the two that had fallen. We left two wounded oxen and the ones on the island for the Indians, who then crossed the river and followed down the opposite bank four or five miles to near Plum Creek. Here they recrossed the river and followed down under the bank, keeping themselves concealed.

A SIX-MULE train of ten wagons was strung out traveling westward. The owner of the outfit made eleven men all told. There were also with the train two women, the wife and sister of the proprietor. The Indians now charged and attacked the outfit, yelling their frightful war whoops. The mules were stampeded in every direction. It was then about nine a.m. and our outfit was not more than two miles from the scene. We hurried the cattle forward as fast as possible.

Had we left our teams and hurried afoot at the top of our speed, we might possibly have reached the scene in time to have rendered some assistance. However, no one seemed willing to take the chance and no one appeared to be in command of our party, many of whom were terror-stricken and paralyzed with fear while the massacre was going on. When the attack was made, the owner of the train was riding a mule about 400 or 500 yards in advance of the train.

A few of the teamsters stuck to their teams while others ran toward us, as we were in plain view, but were pursued and killed. Mules are naturally afraid of Indians; consequently, it was some time before the Indians succeeded in checking them. Several teams headed for the river a quarter-of-a-mile or more distant and were only checked when the heavily loaded wagons were half-buried in the quicksand of the Platte. Other wagons were upset, their contents scattered all over the prairie.

Some teams in turning broke the tongues of the wagons and then stampeded in the wildest confusion or became tangled in the harness where they stood kicking and braying. Two wagons were loaded with flour. The Indians emptied many sacks of their contents, taking merely the empty sacks. Part of the Indians were engaged in butchering the teamsters while others were attending to the mules, unhooking them from the wagons and herding them toward the river with the harness on.

The scene now in plain sight was one of the greatest confusion and consternation and the most horrible sight I had ever witnessed. To watch those infernal Indians chasing and spearing with lances, shooting with arrows and firearms, the poor fellows was a sickening as well as a horrifying sight—and not a single Indian killed or a shot fired by the teamsters. We saw one white woman being dragged from a wagon which the Indians had completely surrounded. She was placed on a pony in front of an Indian who held her there and thus carried her across the river.

IN A SHORT time all the white men had fallen. Then came the work of mutilating their bodies which they thus shot full of arrows. Tongues were ripped out while the victims were yet alive, eyes gouged out with knives, and other mutilations too horrible to describe. All were scalped. One scalp with short red hair was picked up on the scene by one of our men.

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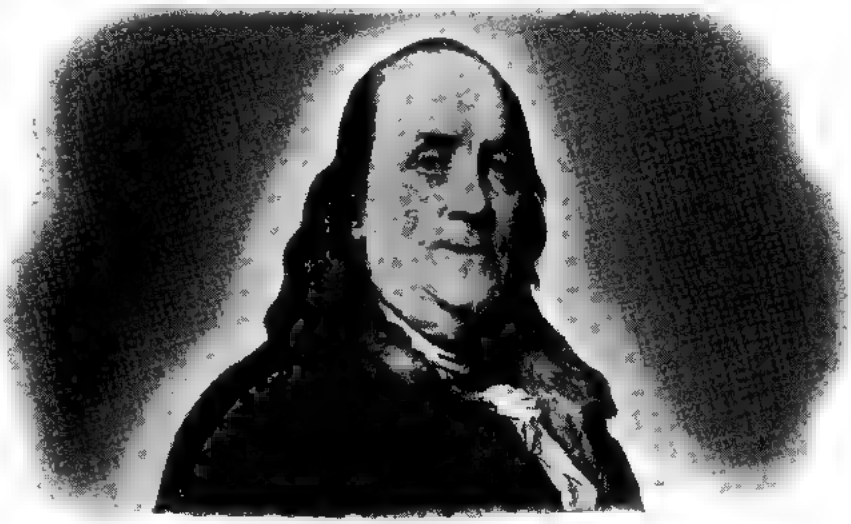

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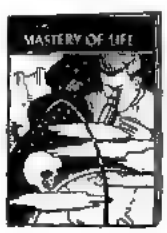

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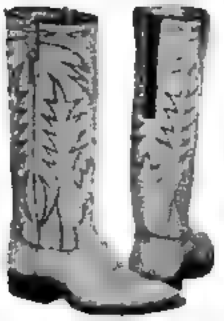

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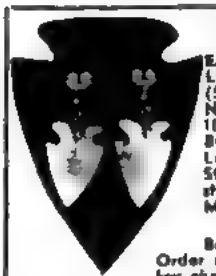

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Martin) jumped out of the wagon when first attacked and hid among the tall grass in a slough near the road. The Indians saw her when she left the wagon and would have returned for her when they had completed the massacre had not we been so near. Although she was a half-mile from the scene of the massacre, the teams had run that far and some much farther before they were checked.

In the meantime the massacre was seen by the lookout from Fort Kearney through his field glasses and a detachment of troops were now hastening to the rescue. As they passed near where the woman was hidden they saw her and brought her along. She was so terrified that she did not for some time realize the situation or the terrible fate of her relations and the teamsters. As was generally the case, the soldiers arrived too late to be of any service, only to help bury the dead, who were placed in one grave with its simple inscription: "Murdered by Indians."

The horrors of that day made a lasting impression on my youthful mind. Although since then I have been in several hard-fought battles, was surrounded by overwhelming numbers and attacked time and again by hostile Sioux and Cheyennes on the Plains, and many dear friends and companions have fallen while fighting by my side, I have never felt as I did that never-to-be-forgotten day.

By this time the Indians had all crossed the river, driving the mules with them. They stopped on the opposite bank, shaking the scalps of the teamsters at us. The captured woman was placed where we could plainly see every insult. She was stripped stark naked and forced to walk or run to keep up. She was kept with the Sioux until the following spring; then, through a half-breed who bought her, was freed and sent back to her relatives in Maine.

The other woman remained at Fort Kearney and was returned to the States completely demented. She died some six months later.

I thought at the time that the officer commanding was afraid to follow the Indians across the river and told him as much. He became very angry and threatened to place me under arrest if he heard anything more.

The Indians were never in any fear of soldiers. They would rather attack fifty soldiers than five hunters or trappers.

Our train arrived at Atchison in due time. The settlers between Kearney and the Missouri River were much frightened on hearing of the outbreak and were congregating in sufficient force to resist any attack from small marauding bands. Many houses and farms were deserted, some families leaving their stock and household effects behind. After our arrival at Atchison most of the men were not anxious for another trip. However, myself and seven others started the following week on our second trip which proved to be a very disastrous one.

The above is every word true. Only the prairie remains a silent witness to the awful tragedy.

The Greatest Mountain Man of Them All

(Continued from page 22)

or became crippled in giant deadfalls. Hunger, cold, fatigue and danger were constant companions. A new foe, dense fog, appeared as they reached the coast. The Indians, no longer the docile tribesmen of the San Joaquin Valley, kept up a running war with the white man.

Arriving at the coast at the mouth of the Klamath River, they discovered that the dense forests and sheer cliffs came to the water's edge. Going up the coast was out of the question. Turning back inland, they struggled north through the almost impassable coastal range of northern California and southern Oregon.

On the Umpqua River in central Oregon disaster struck again. While Jed and three others were away from camp the Umpqua Indians fell on the rest of the party and annihilated them. Jed and his three companions barely escaped and made their way to the Hudson's Bay Settlement at Ft. Vancouver near the mouth of the Columbia River.

Dr. John McLoughlin, the Hudson's Bay factor, was able to recover some of the furs from the Indians and Jed returned to the rendezvous of 1829, at Pierre's Hole via the Columbia and the Snake with several thousand dollars.

The next year Smith, Jackson and Sublette sold out to the Rocky Mountain Fur Company and Jed returned to St. Louis.

Jed tired within months of city life and agreed to share in leading a wagon train to Santa Fe.

While scouting for water in that parched plain between the Arkansas and the Cimarron known as the Cimarron Desert, the mountain man came to the end of the trail. Little is known of the circumstances of his death as his body was never found and the actual facts of his death are shrouded in mystery.

According to Comanche legend, Jed found his water hole and, after drinking, looked up to find himself surrounded by twenty Comanches. The odds looked good to the Indians. One of them waved a blanket to frighten Jed's horse and the rest closed in. Jedediah Smith died under their lances but not before he had killed two of them, including their Chief.

The mystery of Jedediah Smith's lack of recognition in history and literature is puzzling. John Coulter's "race for life," Hugh Glass and the grizzly, cantankerous "Old Bill" Williams, the tall tales of "Old Gabe" Bridger, the adventures of "Broken Hand" Fitzpatrick and Kit Carson, all have taken their place in western folklore. Yet, unquestionably, as a scout, a pathfinder, a leader and explorer, Jed Smith outshone them all. For spine-tingling adventure none of them can surpass him.

Why then does Jedediah Smith suffer anonymity? Perhaps it is the name. Carson City, Lake Fremont, Mt. Williams —Yes. Smith City, Lake Smith or Mt. Smith—No. The only enduring monument to this remarkable man is an obscure river in northern California.

Moral:—If you have to be famous in history be a Caesar, a Napoleon, a Wellington, a Washington—don't have a name like Smith.

Crossroads of the Outlaws

(Continued from page 29)

which, in a later lawless epoch, Pretty Boy Floyd made one of his sensational escapes, are still to be seen.

And, of course, there is the Don Diego Inn. Cimarron was one of the principal stops on the old Santa Fe trail. This generation's travelers sleep in huge carved wooden beds in the same rooms in which many of the West's famous heroes and badmen once slept. But today's occupants sleep peacefully.

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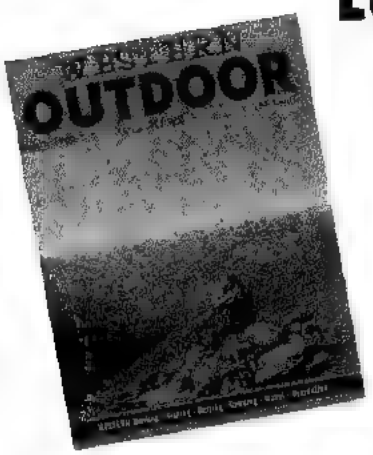

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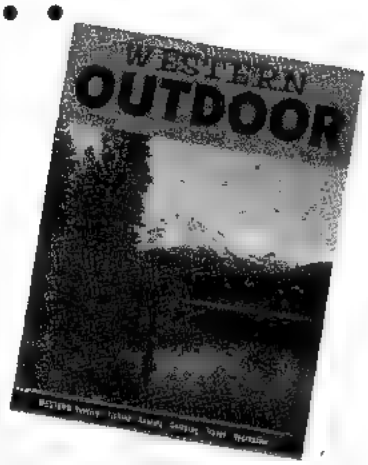

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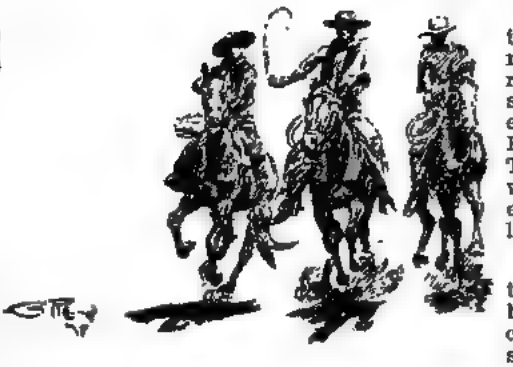
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos



FREEZING WITH FREMONT!

John Charles Fremont has been a controversial figure for well over 100 years. Many regard him as a gallant western explorer and pathfinder but his detractors brand him as a glory hunter, seeking power and empire for himself and his father-in-law, Senator Thomas H. Benton of Missouri.

Fortunately, Arthur H. Clark's new book *The Fremont Disaster—1848-1849,* ($12) edited by LeRoy R. and Ann W. Hafen presents a documentary account that explains much of the former mystery about Fremont's fourth expedition. The story of what turned out to be a stupid, killing, winter adventure into the highest and widest segment of the Rocky Mountains is set forth in diaries, letters and reports by participants in the tragedy. The expedition was a hurried attempt by Fremont and Benton to survey a year-round central route for a railroad to California.

Fremont assembled an illustrious group of scientists, engineers, artists and mountain men and trooped west from Westport to Bent's Fort on the Arkansas River in Colorado. From there he headed into the deep belly of the Rockies beginning at Hardscrabble settlement and continued into the Wet Mountain Valley, across Mosco Pass down into the sand dunes and across the San Luis Valley past the site of Del Norte and up a Rio Grande tributary where the party became snowbound and were forced back to Taos, New Mexico. Ten of the party starved and froze to death in the overwhelming San Juan Mountain snowbanks and the twenty-five survivors nearly perished before being rescued.

This is Volume Eleven of The Far West and Rockies Series. There is an excellent map of the disaster area and eleven illustrations including sketches from Richard Kern's diary and drawings by Remington.

GREAT WESTERN TRAILS

Whoop-Up Country (Historical Society of Montana, $6.50) by Paul F. Sharp is the story of the coming of civilization to a vast new land—the Canadian-American West. The rowdy name came from the Whoop-Up Trail, that half-forgotten, dangerous, but highly profitable avenue of commerce which carried millions of dollars worth of whiskey, guns, furs, and other freight from the head of navigation on the Missouri to Fort MacLeod, 240 miles to the north in Canada.

It is also the story of the great fur companies who fought for the mastery of the region and of the free traders who followed them. Here, too, is the story of the Royal Northwest "Mounties" who, together with the U. S. Army, maintained some semblance of law and order among the stubborn Sioux and Blackfeet. The book concludes with a vivid portrayal of the merchant entrepreneurs who promised and nearly succeeded in making Fort Benton, the southern terminus of the Whoop-Up Trail, the "Chicago of the West."

Paul Sharp obviously knows the Montana Canadian border country and its history as few men know it. Moreover, he has presented his facts in a carefully documented and highly entertaining fashion. Regional history at its best. This book was issued first by the University of Minnesota Press in 1955 and the Historical Society of Montana has earned the gratitude of all Western buffs by keeping it in print. This reprint is considerably improved in format and greatly enhanced by the addition of more than thirty fine Charles M. Russell drawings (the original of the drawing on page 182 is in the collection of one of the Old Bookaroos) and by sixteen pages of photographs from the files of the Society. Director Michael Kennedy of the Society has added an informative introduction. The price tag on the Russell painting *Single Handed,* reproduced on the dust jacket, read $55,000 the last time this reviewer looked. A great book now in a great format.

"Yer right, Sagebrush. This town ain't big enough for both of us. Reckon I'll be driftin' along."

Santa Fe Trail, First Reports: 1825 (Stagecoach Press, $4.75) reprints the reports written by Augustus Storrs and Alphonse Wetmore in 1824. These reports were issued as separate documents by Congress in 1825 to support legislation for the first survey of the road over the Santa Fe Trail. Both have long been out of print. Augustus Storrs was one of a successful trading party to Santa Fe in 1824 and his report was made in the form of answers to questions addressed to him by Senator Thomas H. Benton of Missouri. Storrs commented on the route, the soils, the hospitality of the New Mexicans and the profits to be made from the trade. He was a keen observer and his report was much the more valuable of the two. Wetmore's report is in the form of a letter to Representative John Scott of Missouri and seems to be based on information provided by Colonel Benjamin Cooper and a Mr. Becknal, two of the Santa Fe traders. This edition is limited to 550 copies—it was hand set and printed on a hand-operated press. It is a highly attractive little volume.

Washington, D.C., officially learned of the California gold discovery in December, 1848. The next year 80,000 easterners crowded the sundry overland trails and sea lanes to the Gold Coast. But Texas Argonauts reached the gold fields ahead of the pack. *The Gila Trail* (University of Oklahoma Press, $4) by Benjamin Butler Harris presents a brilliant narrative about a party of Texas gold seekers and their wild experiences along the Gila trail and in the Mother Lode mining camps in 1849-50.

Harris joined a mule-back party headed by Captain Isaac H. Duval of Texas fame. Harris had a sharp eye for pungent details with which he filled his diary. He was a gifted writer and presents his juicy experiences in a style that is delightful and informative. He displays a rich background of Latin and Spanish and his gay narrative is pleasantly punctuated with meaningful Latin and Spanish words and phrases. This is Volume Thirty-one in the American Exploration and Travel Series.

TEXAS PICTORIAL

Buck Schiwetz' Texas (University of Texas Press, $12 50) is a wonderful pictorial presentation of old Texas homes, courthouses and scenes. The book contains ninety-six full-page drawings in black and white and sixteen beautiful color plates. There is an illuminating introduction by Dr. Walter Prescott Webb, the great Texas historian, who was Buck's history teacher at Cuero High School. This reviewer was a classmate of Buck's at Texas A. & M. College ('21). Harold Bugbee, the well known artist-illustrator of Clarendon, started with our class but quit after a year or so to go to art school. Both Buck and Harold studied architecture at Texas A. & M. and we are fortunate that neither became a practicing architect. Dr. Webb tells of Buck's early struggles to get a start including a delightful tale of how two Texas border dishes—chili and hot tamales—broke the ice for him in New York. To round out this book Buck has written a brief commentary on each of the 112 pictures.

This reviewer has seen most of the Texas homes and courthouses depicted in this book—Buck has taken no liberties with reality but with his artist eyes he sees things about them which ordinary observers miss. Not since E. H. (Eddie) Suydam, gone these twenty years now, has America had an artist who can match the pen and brush work of Buck Schiwetz in recording the charms of houses, buildings, structures and streets. The University of Texas Press has done right by a Texas Aggie in providing a suitable format for his unforgettable drawings and paintings—congratulations to both!

DOBIE'S BEST

Fortunately the folklore of the Old West has been transcribed for us by many faithful writers who saw western history in the making. The dean of southwestern writers, J. Frank Dobie, has added another fine book to his generous contributions, *I'll Tell You a Tale,* (Little Brown, $6.50) is an anthology

of Dobie's best folk stories selected by Isabel Gaddis, a former Dobie student at the University of Texas. The stories are handsomely illustrated by Dallas artist, Ben Carleton Mead.

Dobie has a keen instinct about the primitive unfenced west and when he writes, his subjects come alive with reality and action. This book presents fifty-two Dobie stories about his favorite subjects like Longhorn cattle, mustangs and mustangers, cowboys, outlaws, Robin Hoods, wild animals, hidden treasure and anomalies of the ranching country. Some of his best have a Mexican flavor and there are several of these. All in all, it is a very choice collection.

THE BRAZOS

John Graves, a Fort Worth, Texas, boy rode a canoe from Possum Kingdom Dam down the Brazos River to its mouth and wrote a book about it. *Goodbye to a River* (Knopf, $4.50) is far more than a diary of a canoe trip during three rainy, windy autumn weeks. As he followed the river's downstream meanderings, soon to be drowned behind huge dams, the author recalled the history of people past and present who have lived at various bends or crossings. These past events are woven into the story of the Brazos. The Comanches and Kiowas ran out weaker tribes and hunted buffalo on the grasslands drained by Brazos tributaries. Cabeza de Vaca and other Spaniards found the river and passed on. The settlers and cattlemen routed the Indians and took possession of their lands. Bawling trail herds crossed low water Brazos fords or swam its floods on the way to northern grasslands. Fences, farms, towns, cotton, peanuts and railroads came with civilization and changed the landscape but the river is still there, dirtier and more of a flood hazard than before.

John Graves saw this history in retrospect as he guided his puny canoe down the snaky Brazos channel. It is an excellent book.

COOKING OUT

A Roundup of Western Outdoor Cooking (The Pan Press, $2.00) is by Byron J. Smith, Jr., dubbed by the publisher as "The Master Chef of the Outdoors." Byron has impressive credentials and 'tis but fate that his recipes fell into the hands of another old cook-outer. This reviewer's experience includes a summer-long trek north from Texas to the Canadian line as cook for a threshing crew; tin-canning in a Model-T in all the mountain states from Mexico to Montana; barbecuing white-wings on the Old Military Road in the Lower Rio Grande Valley and dry camp quickies on the High Plains. With one statement Byron makes this reviewer is in complete agreement—"There is no such thing as coffee made too strong. There may be *weak* people, but not strong coffee." But really, Byron—celery in chili? zucchini in a western stew? water in a Texas barbecue sauce? Despite these quibblings by an envious soul who wishes he had written this book, it is chock-full of good recipes (if there is such a thing —recipes are a starting point from which a good outdoor cook takes off).

A FIGHTING RANGER

The Texas Rangers always provide a writer with a veritable mine of entertaining history to work on and when his subject is Ira Aten he has a magnetic personality to conjure with. *Lone Star Man* (Hastings, $4.95) by Harold Preece is a better than acceptable biography

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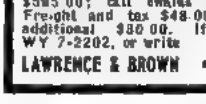

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of Ira Aten, one of the many illustrious Texas Rangers.

Ira never forgot the day when his preacher father was called into Round Rock, Texas, jail to perform the last rites for outlaw Sam Bass who lay dying from lead from Ranger guns fired when Sam and his gang tried to rob the local bank. The youngster was so impressed with the way the Rangers outsmarted Sam that he decided that when he reached enlistment age he was going to join the organization. His dream came true and Ira became one of the bravest manhunters and deadliest shots ever recruited by the Rangers. He chased the lawless from their hideouts and brought them in for trial. Some of the worst had to be bagged like deer and were left in lonesome, unmarked graves.

Later Aten served as sheriff in two Texas towns and also for many years was manager of one segment of the famous XIT ranch. Later he pioneered in the irrigation project in Imperial Valley in California.

SAM'S FRIENDS

Sam Houston's Indians: the Alabama-Coushatti (Naylor, $3.50) is based on the M.A. thesis of Prairie View Malone at Texas Southern University. The author is principal of an elementary school in Jasper, Texas, and a close neighbor of the surviving tribesmen. Sam Houston lived with the Cherokees on two different occasions and was adopted into the tribe. The Alabama Indians were allied to the Cherokees and it was primarily the influence of Houston that led the State of Texas to purchase a large tract of land in The Big Thicket in Polk County as a reservation for the Alabamas. This tribe settled there in 1854 and were later joined by the Coushatti. This book traces the social and economic development of the two tribes over the past hundred years.

Secrets of Panning Gold

(Continued from page 14)

gold prospecting. Portable, highly sensitive detectors can locate small deposits of gold and black sand at considerable depths. They can find virgin black sand deposits beneath the surface, unsuspected by the old timers.

In spite of the fact that panning is the least efficient and most laborious method of extracting gold, the use of the pan is as essential to the modern prospector as it was to the forty-niners. A gold pan can be bought for about two bucks. The pan should be between twelve and eighteen inches in diameter, about two-and-a-half inches deep and with sides having about a thirty degree slope.

TO DESCRIBE the action of using a gold pan without demonstration is like trying to define a spiral staircase without using your hands. The technique can best be learned by practice and observation. The tricks of finding and identifying the gold, already outlined, are ninety percent of the game.

Briefly, the pan is filled with sand and gravel and washed in water. The whole point is to concentrate the heavier materials by washing away the lighter. Large rocks should be discarded to keep the material as even a size as possible. Perhaps it's necessary to mention that any nuggets should be picked out and saved as they appear.

The washing is continued until a concentrate of the heavier materials remains. If the gold is very fine, it will usually be in a mixture of black sand that cannot be separated by panning without risk of losing the gold. Save the concentrates for later separation. Let the concentrate mixture dry; then use a magnet to draw out as much black sand as possible.

The gold can be separated from the balance of the concentrates by amalgamation with mercury. Add about one-half teaspoon of mercury to five pounds of concentrate; agitate vigorously under water until no trace of gold remains. The gold will be taken up by the mercury, giving it a pasty consistency. The mercury can be panned free of the now worthless concentrate in the usual manner.

Now you have a quantity of amalgam which must be further reduced until only gold remains. For the amateur, the simplest and safest procedure is to boil off the mercury. Place the amalgam in a clean iron vessel and heat to around 675° F. The mercury is vaporized, leaving the gold.

Warning! Mercurial vapor is poison. Boil the amalgam outdoors and avoid inhaling the vapor.

The gold is ready to sell. At this point, the question of markets becomes one of more than academic interest. Amounts less than one ounce can be peddled to individual buyers, mineral dealers, and jewelry stores at a discounted price. Larger amounts should be sold to a United States Mint. The gold can be sent by insured parcel post with a separate letter enclosing Form TG-19, obtainable by request from any mint or assay office. The mints will pay $35 an ounce for pure gold, less for impure gold, and will deduct various charges for melting and refining.

Gold panning still has its elements of suspense and high points of excitement—for today's amateur as much as for history's old prospector. Take your kit up into "them thar hills" and start panning. Fort Knox needs the gold.

If the gold isn't easily panned clean, the concentrate of black sand, fine gold, and other heavy materials should be poured into a container for later amalgamation.

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Teen-age Warriors

(Continued from page 27)

for distance. When the arm and shoulder muscles had been developed sufficiently, they were taught accuracy and speed on both steady and moving targets.

Stationary targets could be a willow wand, an arrow, a buffalo chip or an unseen target located behind the crest of a hill. This latter type of training could be very useful when the user of the bow wished to remain out of sight of the enemy. The idea was much the same as the mortar fire of present armies.

Moving targets would be buffalo chips or woven hoops rolled across the ground. Sometimes a lad would volunteer to drag a bounding target on a rope behind him. Or he would whirl this target around him in the air on a rope.

Boys in some tribes were taught speed of fire by thrusting their quivers through their belts in front. Others held extra arrows in the bow hand, feathers to the rear and ready. Still others held extra arrows in their mouths.

It is said that almost any adult Indian could keep four to five arrows in flight at the same time. Some exceptional warriors could keep as many as eight in the air.

Early fur traders remarked that in the days of the old smooth bore trade musket, the bow and arrow was a much more deadly weapon, due to its greater accuracy and its rate of fire.

However the facts do not entirely rate the bow and arrow as a superior weapon. Back in the old days, opposing lines of warriors crouching behind their tough bull's-neck shields, could fire at each other all day long without great harm being done. In addition to this, agile warriors could dodge an arrow in flight. For small sums of money, warriors would demonstrate this ability at the old frontier posts.

The gun put an end to this type of warfare because it could pierce the shields. The agile warrior could not dodge the bullet because he could not see it.

THE BOY, while looking forward to his first war party, accompanied hunters in the quest for game. Here he would learn to read trail signs and learn the habits of animals. The boy's first successful hunt and animal kill was announced by a proclamation of his father and celebrated with the giving away of a horse.

And how did they behave in war? We have the word of trappers, traders, mountain men and soldiers that they would rather fight seasoned warriors than young reckless warriors hot for their first coups and honors.

From the time he was a baby, the fledgling warrior had been taught that death in battle was the most glorious death of all. He was taught not to fear death but to welcome it.

Having trained the youth for war, it now became the job of the seasoned warrior to restrain his eagerness. The youngster was often so anxious for individual glory that he could not restrain himself and gave away attacks or ambushes. In small parties, experienced men were appointed to restrain this impulsiveness. In larger parties, warrior lodges would be made responsible for this duty.

There are a few records of boys who sacrificed their lives for their people, their way of life and the land of their birth. No one can give more than that, no matter what his race, creed or color.

The following story, in the words of Captain Luther North, tells of an incident that occurred when soldiers under General Carr and Pawnee scouts under the North brothers attacked the Dog Soldier camp of Tall Bull in Colorado.

"About a half-mile from the village, and off to one side from our line, a Cheyenne boy was herding horses. He was about fifteen years old and we were very close to him before he saw us. He jumped on his horse, gathered up his herd and drove them into the village ahead of our men who were shooting at him. He was mounted on a very good horse and could easily have got away if he had left his herd, but he took them all in ahead of him. Then, at the edge of the village, he turned and joined a band of warriors who were trying to hold us back, while the women and children were getting away. There he died like a warrior. No braver man ever lived than that fifteen-year-old boy."

Early in the year 1876, General Crook set out from Ft. Fetterman as one arm of a three-pronged offensive to force the Plains Indians back to their reservations. During the middle of March, evidence was found of a large encampment of Indians on a branch of the Powder River. Everyone but the Indians believed it to be the village of Crazy Horse.

General Joseph J. Reynolds was ordered to advance and destroy the village. The cavalry troops were positioned during the night for a surprise attack at dawn. Just before sunrise, Indian boys arose for their morning chore of driving the horses to water.

One battalion silently making its way down a ravine came face to face with a young Indian boy.

Captain John G. Bourke leveled a revolver at the boy and motioned for silence. The youngster "wrapped his blanket about him and stood like a statue of bronze, waiting for the fatal bullet, his features as immobile as cut stone."

While the boy's face may have been immobile, his thoughts were not. He well knew, by past history, the intention of the troops advancing on his village. He also knew that his family and his people would be surprised before they were able to defend themselves or make their escape.

He weighed his life against that of many others and found that there was only one decision to make. Knowing that his life would end with the warning, he suddenly gave the war whoop.

His decision and personal sacrifice saved the village from massacre and the attack ended in a defeat for the white troops. As an aftermath, Crook was forced to retreat to Fetterman to re-outfit his expedition.

A week before Custer was wiped out at the Little Big Horn, General Crook finally caught up with the real Crazy Horse at the Rosebud.

It was the defeat or at least the stalling of General Crook that made possible the decisive defeat and death of Custer.

During the Rosebud battle, two teenaged warriors were killed, one a Sioux boy and the other a Shoshone, who were fighting against the Sioux as an ally of Crook. Both were honored in remembrance by their adult comrades.

The fight began about 8:30 a.m. During the middle of the morning, a party of Sioux and Cheyenne charged down the Rosebud valley, where they found a herd of spare horses left in the care of a Shoshone boy. They paused long enough

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Miscellaneous

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to kill and scalp the boy before attempting to drive off the horses. They were driven off in time to save the horses but not the boy.

When the news of the boy's death reached the Shoshones it added an extra note of savagery to the following incident.

Colonel Royall had been ordered by General Crook to rejoin the main command. Royall had been heavily engaged on the left flank and had suffered heavy losses. It was urgently necessary to reunite the scattered command.

The men were ordered to retreat to their horses for the move. As they retreated off the crest into the ravine where their horses were waiting, two Sioux warriors made a dash for the hill the cavalrymen had just vacated. The two warriors thought the hill had been cleared of fighting men. Unknown to them, Royall had left behind a large number of Crow and Shoshone scouts to cover the cavalry until they could mount and get underway.

The two Sioux warriors were trapped by the scouts; one managed to escape. The other, a warrior in his middle teens, was inexperienced and became confused. He was killed by the scouts.

After the battle, the Cheyennes marked his death spot with a memorial of stones.

For a description of how deeply the Shoshones mourned the passing of their youthful comrade, we have the words of John F. Finerty, a newspaper correspondent who accompanied the Crook expedition.

"During the night a melancholy wailing arose from the Snake camp down by the creek. They were 'waking' the young warrior killed by the Cheyennes that morning, and calling upon the Great Spirit for vengeance. I never heard anything equal to the despairing cadence of that wail, so savage and so dismal.

"The next morning, all were immediately under arms except the Snake Indians, who had deferred the burial of their comrade until sunrise. All the relatives appeared in black paint, which gave them a diabolical aspect. I had been led to believe that Indians never yielded to the weakness of tears, but I can assure my readers that the experience of that morning convinced me of my error. The men of middle age alone restrained their grief, but the tears of the young men and of the squaws rolled down their cheeks as copiously as if the mourners had been of the Caucasian race. I afterward learned that the sorrow would not have been so intense if the boy had not been scalped. There is some superstition connected with that process. I think it had reference to the difficulty of the admission of the lad's spirit, under such circumstances, to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

"A grave was finally dug for the body in the bed of the stream at a point where the horses had crossed and re-crossed. After the remains were properly covered, a group of warriors on horseback rode over the site several times, thus making it impossible for the Sioux to find the body."

THE NEZ PERCE horse, the Appalousa, was known throughout the West for its intelligence, courage, size, stamina and speed. Carefully bred through many generations for these qualities, these horses were the envy of all the whites and Indians on the Plains.

It seems with a study of the fighting retreat of Chief Joseph, commonly called the Nez Perce War, that the Indian allies of the whites fought for the main purpose of owning some of these prize horses.

A story is told by a pioneer of an offshoot portion of the war that swept the Nez Perce country. The present writer cannot vouch for the authenticity of the story but it is so unusual and different that it is worth retelling.

The Indians had gathered a herd of 5,000 horses in a valley bordered on two sides by high-walled mountains and on the third by the deep canyon of a large stream.

The Nez Perce were defeated in the battle that followed and were forced to abandon their horses. The white soldiers and volunteers, instead of pursuing their adversaries, closed in on the horse herd, hoping to grab some of the famous horses.

With all avenues of escape now closed to them, the herd circled the valley to avoid capture. The first time around, the whites tried to break up the mass formation of horses without success.

The second time around, they noticed something they had overlooked the first time. The leader of the horses was a magnificent black stallion. Perched on its back was a naked Indian boy, partially concealed by the stallion's wind-blown mane, guiding his mount by his knees and his grasp in the mane.

A choking cloud of dust now hovered over the scene, making it extremely dangerous for the white men to break up the maddened herd. Whatever might have been their compunction about firing at the black stallion and its boy rider, their reluctance was overcome by avarice and cupidity. They fired on the racing stallion and boy. The boy was knocked from his perch and rolled lifeless along the ground.

The black leader with the herd trailing behind made two more circles of the valley, still watching the boy, as though waiting for him to rise and signal.

When the boy remained lifeless, the stallion, approaching the rim of the canyon, gave that unearthly, nerve-tearing scream that a horse gives when it knows that a violent death is before it—or when it is intending self-destruction. It is a cry that once heard can never be forgotten. The cry is not just physical but mental; it is a cry of torture and agony beyond endurance.

As the white soldiers watched, the black stallion leaped far out over the canyon rim, to plunge to its death below. At first, in a small trickle, and then in an ever-widening stream, the entire herd followed their leader in a mass death plunge.

It was a just retribution that not one of the group of whites profited by the death of the Indian boy.

About The Cover . . .

We here at TRUE WEST feel the cover scene is one of artist Joe Grandee's finest works. Although skirmishes between U. S. Cavalry and Indians are usually pictured as occurring during the summer, from 1866 on there were numerous wintertime encounters. General Phil Sheridan, realizing that the Indians' horsemanship and knowledge of the country gave them an advantage during the good weather, ordered his command to carry the attack to the Indians' home ground and attack them in their winter encampments. The "battles" at Sand Creek and Wounded Knee and the attack on the Washita are examples of this kind of action.

Says artist Grandee about this painting: "The troops of this time found themselves fighting in somewhat cumbersome outfits. The outstanding article of clothing was the greatcoat, made of heavy wool, double-breasted, bright sky-blue in color, and characterized by a large cape which, when buttoned down the front with seven bright eagle buttons, came down to the cuffs. The inside of the cape was usually lined with bright yellow flannel and when tossed back over the shoulder gave the wearer a very dashing and colorful appearance. Over the coat and around the waist a canvas cartridge belt was usually worn instead of the leather loopless one. This was the first cartridge belt ever used by the Army and was first issued in 1867."

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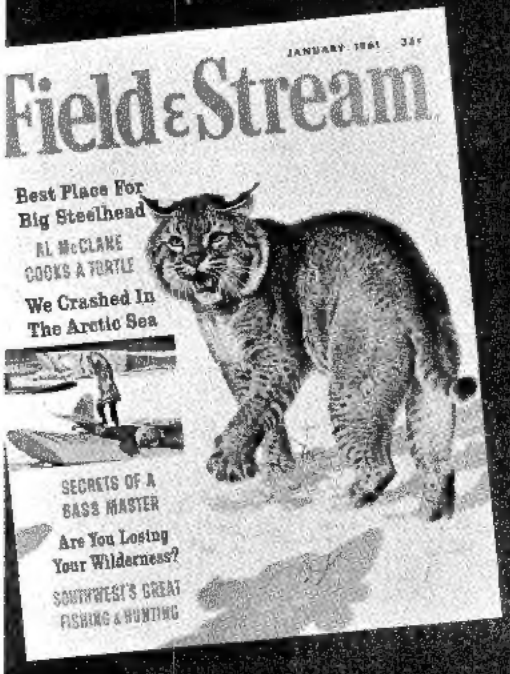
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